



RELIGIO MEDICI.



RELIGIO MEDICI,
HYDRIOTAPHIA AND THE LETTER TO A FRIEND

BY

SIR THOMAS BROWNE KNT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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INTRODUCTION .

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (whose works occupy so prominent a position in the literary history of the seventeenth century) is an author who is now little known and less read. This comparative oblivion to which he has been consigned is the more remarkable, as, if for nothing else, his writings deserve to be studied as an example of the English language in what may be termed a transition state. The prose of the Elizabethan age was beginning to pass away and give place to a more inflated style of writing—a style which, after passing through various stages of development, culminated in that of Johnson.

Browne is one of the best early examples of this school, his style to quote Johnson himself, "is vigorous but rugged it is learned but pedantick, it is deep but obscure, it strikes but does not please, it commands but does not allure.

It is a tissue

of many languages, a mixture of heterogeneous words brought together from distant regions."

Yet in spite of this qualified censure, there are passages in Browne's works not inferior to any in the English language, and though his writings may not be "a well of English undefiled," yet it is the very defilements that add to the beauty of the work.

But it is not only as an example of literary style that Browne deserves to be studied. The matter of his works, the grandeur of his ideas, the originality of his thoughts, the greatness of his charity, amply make up for the deficiencies (if deficiencies there be) in his style. An author who combined the wit of Montaigne with the learning of Erasmus, and of whom even Hallam could say that "his varied talents wanted nothing but the controlling supremacy of good

had refused to subscribe to the fund that was then being raised for regaining Newcastle. He proved a happy exception to the almost proverbial neglect the Royalists received from Charles II in 1671, for when Charles was at Newmarket, he came over to see Norwich, and conferred the honour of knighthood on Browne. His reputation was now very great. Evelyn paid a visit to Norwich for the express purpose of seeing him, and at length, on his 76th birthday (19th October 1682), he died, full of years and honours.

It was a striking coincidence that he who in his Letter to a Friend had said that "in persons who outlive many years, and when there are no less than 365 days to determine their lives in every year, that the first day should mark the last, that the tail of the snake should return into its mouth precisely at that time, and that they should wind up upon the day of their nativity, is indeed a remarkable coincidence, which, though astrology hath taken witty pains to solve, yet hath it been very wary in making predictions of it," should himself die on the day of his birth.

Browne was buried in the church of St Peter, Mancroft, Norwich, where his wife erected to his memory a mural monument, on which was placed an English and Latin inscription, setting forth that he was the author of "*Religio Medici*," "*Pendœmia*

Epidemica," and other learned works "per orbem notissimus." Yet his sleep was not to be undisturbed, his skull was fated to adorn a museum! In 1840, while some workmen were digging a vault in the chancel of St Peter's, they found a coffin with an inscription—

"Amplissimus Vir
D^{ns} Thomas Browne Miles Medicinæ
D^r Annis Natus 77 Denatus 19 Die
Mensis Octobris Anno Dⁿⁱ 1682 hoc
Loculo indormiens Corpus Spagy-
rici pulvere plumbum in aurum
convertit."

The translation of this inscription raised a storm over his ashes, which Browne would have enjoyed partaking in, the word *spagyricus* being an enigma to scholars. Mr Firth of Norwich (whose translation seems the best) thus renders the inscription —

best edition of the whole of them is that published by Simon Wilkin.

It is upon his "*Religio Medici*"—the religion of a physician—that Browne's fame chiefly rests. It was his first and most celebrated work, published just after his return from his travels, it gives us the impressions made on his mind by the various and opposite schools he had passed through. He tells us that he never intended to publish it, but that on its being surreptitiously printed, he was induced to do so. In 1643, the first genuine edition appeared, with "an admonition to such as shall peruse the observations upon a former corrupt copy of this book." The observations here alluded to, were written by Sir Kenelm Digby, and sent by him to the Earl of Dorset. They were first printed at the end of the edition of 1643, and have ever since been published with the book. Their chief merit consists in the marvellous rapidity with which they were written, Sir Kenelm having, as he tells us, bought the book, read it, and written his observations, in the course of twenty four hours!

The book contains what may be termed an apology for his belief. He states the reasons on which he grounds his opinions, and endeavours to show that, although he had been accused of atheism, he was in all points a good Christian, and a loyal member of the Church of England. Each person

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must judge for himself of his success, but the effect it produced on the mind of Johnson may be noticed. "The opinions of every man" says he must be learned from himself, concerning his practice it is safer to trust to the evidence of others. When the testimonies concur no higher degree of historical certainty can be obtained and they apparently concur to prove that Browne was a zealous adherent to the faith of Christ that he lived in obedience to His laws, and died in confidence of His mercy."

The best proof of the excellence of the "Religio" is to be found in its great success. During the author's life from 1643 to 1681, it passed through eleven editions. It has been translated into Latin, Dutch, French and German, and many of the translations have passed through several editions. No less than thirty three treatises have been written in imitation of it and what to some, will be the greatest proof of all it was soon after its publication placed in the Index Expurgatorius. The best proof of its liberality of sentiment is in the fact that its author was claimed at the same time by the Romanists and Quakers to be a member of their respective creeds.¹

The "Hydrotafia," or Urn burial, is a treatise on the funeral rites of ancient nations. It was caused by the discovery of some Roman urns in

Norfolk. Though inferior to the "*Religio*," "there is perhaps none of his works which better exemplifies his reading or memory."

The text of the present edition of the "*Religio Medici*" is taken from what is called the eighth edition, but is in reality the eleventh, published in London in 1682, the last edition in the author's lifetime. The notes are for the most part compiled from the observations of Sir Kenelm Digby, the annotation of Mr Keck, and the very valuable notes of Simon Wilkin. For the account of the finding of Sir Thomas Browne's skull I am indebted to Mr Friswell's notice of Sir Thomas in his "*Varia*." The text of the "*Hydriotaphia*" is taken from the folio edition of 1686, in the Lincoln's Inn library. Some of Browne's notes to that edition have been omitted, and most of the references, as they refer to books which are not likely to be met with by the general reader.

The "Letter to a Friend, upon the occasion of the Death of his intimate Friend," was first published in a folio pamphlet in 1690. It was reprinted in his posthumous works. The concluding reflexions are the basis of a larger work, "*Christian Morals*." I am not aware of any complete modern edition of it. The text of the present one is taken from the original edition of 1690. The pamphlet is in the British Museum, bound up with a volume of old

poems. It is entitled, "A Letter to a Friend, upon the occasion of the Death of his intimate Friend. By the learned Sir Thomas Brown, Knight, Doctor of Physick, late of Norwich. London Printed for Charles Brone, at the Gun, at the West End of St Pauls Churchyard, 1690 "



are not agreeable unto my present self. There are many things delivered rhetorically, many expressions therein merely tropical, and as they best illustrate my intention and therefore also there are many things to be taken in a soft and flexible sense, and not to be called unto the rigid test of reason. Lastly, all that is contained therein is in submission unto maturer discernments, and, as I have declared shall no further father them than the best and learned judgments shall authorize them under favour of which considerations, I have made its secrecy publick, and committed the truth thereof to every ingenuous reader

THOMAS BROWNE





RELIGIO MEDICI.

SECT 1 — For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all,—as the general scandal of my profession,—the natural course of my studies,—the indifferency of my behaviour and discourse in matters of religion (neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardour and contention opposing another),—yet, in despite hereof, I dare without usurpation assume the honourable style of a Christian. Not that I merely owe this title to the font, my education, or the clime wherein I was born, as being bred up either to confirm those principles my parents instilled into my understanding, or by a general consent proceed in the religion of my country, but having, in my riper years and confirmed judgment, seen and examined a

contenting myself to enjoy that happy style, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title.

Sect. 2.—But, because the name of a Christian is become too general to express our faith,—there being a geography of religion as well as lands, and every clime distinguished not only by their laws and limits, but circumscribed by their doctrines and rules of faith,—to be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name, of the same belief our Saviour taught, the apostles disseminated, the fathers authorized, and the martyrs confirmed, but, by the sinister ends of princes, the ambition and avarice of prelates, and the fatal corruption of times, so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the careful and charitable hands of these times to restore it to its primitive integrity. Now, the accidental occasion whereupon, the slender means whereby, the low and sordid condition of the person by whom, so good a work was set on foot, which in our adversaries beget contempt and scorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very same objection the insolent pagans first cast at Christ and his disciples.

Sect. 3.—Yet have I not so shaken hands with those desperate resolutions who had rather venture at large their decayed bottom, than bring her in to be new trimmed in the dock,—who had rather promiscuously retain all, than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are, than what they have been,—as to stand in diameter and swords point with them. We have reformed from them, not against them for, omitting those impropriations² and terms of scurrility betwixt us, which only difference our affections, and not our cause, there is between us one common name and appellation, one faith and necessary body of principles

common to us both ; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them or for them. I could never perceive any rational consequence from those many texts which prohibit the children of Israel to pollute themselves with the temples of the heathens , we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might profane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them , or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator anywhere, especially in places devoted to his service , if their devotions offend him, mine may please him if theirs profane it, mine may hallow it. Holy water and crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgment, nor abuse my devotion at all. I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behaviour full of rigour, sometimes not without morosity , yet, at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a church , nor willingly deface the name of saint or martyr At the sight of a cross, or

without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all,—that is, in silence and dumb contempt. Whilst, therefore, they direct their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectify the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering mine own. At a solemn procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of scorn and laughter. There are questionless, both in Greek, Roman, and African churches, solemnities and ceremonies, whereof the wiser zeals do make a Christian use, and stand condemned by us, not as evil in themselves, but as allurements and baits of superstition to those vulgar heads that look askant on the face of truth, and those unstable judgments that cannot rest in the narrow point and centre of virtue without a reel or stagger to the circumference.

Sect. 4—As there were many reformers, so likewise many reformatations, every country proceeding in a particular way and method according as their national interest, together with their constitution and clime, inclined them some angrily and with extremity others calmly and with mediocrity not rending but easily dividing the community, and leaving an honest possibility of a reconciliation—which, though peaceable spirits do desire, and may conceive that revolution of time and the mercies of God may effect, yet that judgment that shall consider the present antipathies between the two extremes—their contrarieties in condition, affection, and opinion,—may, with the same hopes, expect a union in the poles of heaven.

Sect. 5—But, to difference myself nearer, and draw into a lesser circle, there is no church whose every part so squares unto my conscience, whose articles, constitu-

tions, and customs, seem so consonant unto reason, and, as it were, framed to my particular devotion, as thus whereof I hold my belief—the Church of England, to whose faith I am a sworn subject, and therefore, in a double obligation, subscribe unto her articles, and endeavour to observe her constitutions whatsoever is beyond, as points indifferent, I observe, according to the rules of my private reason, or the humour and fashion of my devotion, neither believing this because Luther affirmed it, nor disproving that because Calvin hath disavouched it. I condemn not all things in the council of Trent, nor approve all in the synod of Dort.³ In brief, where the Scripture is silent, the church is my text, where that speaks, 'tis but my comment,⁴ where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my religion from Rome or Geneva, but from the dictates of my own reason. It is an unjust scandal of our adversaries, and a gross error in ourselves, to compute the nativity of our religion from Henry the Eighth, who, though he rejected the Pope, refused not the faith of Rome,⁵ and effected no more than what his own predecessors desired and essayed in ages past, and it was conceived the state of Venice would have attempted in

are opener to rhetoric than logic, yet do they, in no wise, confirm the faith of wiser believers, who know that a good cause needs not be pardoned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.

Sect. 6.—I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which, perhaps, within a few days, I should dissent myself. I have no genius to disputes in religion and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage. Where we desire to be informed, 'tis good to contest with men above our selves, but, to confirm and establish our opinions, 'tis best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity, many, from the ignorance of these maxims, and an inconsiderate zeal unto truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender, 'tis therefore far better to enjoy her with peace than to hazard her on a battle. If, therefore, there rise any doubts in my way, I do forget them, or at least defer them, till my better settled judgment and more manly reason be able to resolve them for I perceive every man's own reason is his best *Ælipus*, and will, upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchanted our more flexible and tender judgments. In philosophy, where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more para-

doxical than myself but in divinity I love to keep the road, and, though not in an implicit, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the church, by which I move, not reserving any proper poles, or motion from the epicycle of my own brain. By this means I have no gap for heresy, schisms, or errors, of which at present, I hope I shall not injure truth to say, I have no taint or tincture. I must confess my greener studies have been polluted with two or three, not any begotten in the latter centuries, but old and obsolete, such as could never have been revived but by such extravagant and irregular heads as mine. For, indeed, heresies perish not with their authors, but, like the river Arethusa,^s though they lose their currents in one place, they rise up again in another. One general council is not able to extirpate one single heresy it may be cancelled for the present, but revolution of time, and the like aspects from heaven, will restore it, when it will flourish till it be condemned again. For, as though there were metempsychosis, and the soul of one man passed into another, opinions do find, after certain revolutions, men and minds like those that first begat them. To see our selves again, we need not look for Plato a year * every man is not only himself, there have been many Diogenes, and as many Timons, though but few of that name, men are lived over again, the world is now as it was in ages past, there was none then, but there hath been some one since, that parallels him, and is, as it

bodies, but should yet be raised again at the last day not that I did absolutely conceive a mortality of the soul, but, if that were (which faith, not philosophy, hath yet thoroughly disproved), and that both entered the grave together, yet I held the same conceit thereof that we all do of the body, that it rise again. Surely it is but the merits of our unworthy natures, if we sleep in darkness until the last alarm. A serious reflex upon my own unworthiness did make me backward from challenging this prerogative of my soul so that I might enjoy my Saviour at the last, I could with patience be nothing almost unto eternity. The second was that of Origen, that God would not persist in his vengeance for ever, but, after a definite time of his wrath, would release the damned souls from torture, which error I fell into upon a serious contemplation of the great attribute of God, his mercy; and did a little cherish it in myself, because I found therein no malice, and a ready weight to sway me from the other extreme of despair, whereunto melancholy and contemplative natures are too easily disposed. A third there is, which I did never positively maintain or practise, but have often wished it had been consonant to truth, and not offensive to my religion, and that is, the prayer for the dead, whereunto I was inclined from some charitable inducements, whereby I could scarce contain my prayers for a friend at the ringing of a bell, or behold his corpse without an orison for his soul. 'Twas a good way, methought, to be remembered by posterity, and far more noble than a history. These opinions I never maintained with pertinacity, or endeavoured to inveigle any man's belief unto mine, nor so much as ever revealed, or disputed them with my dearest friends, by which means I neither propagated them in others nor

confirmed them in myself but, suffering them to flame upon their own substance, without addition of new fuel, they went out insensibly of themselves, therefore these opinions, though condemned by lawful councils, were not heresies in me, but bare errors, and single lapses of my understanding, without a joint depravity of my will. Those have not only depraved understandings, but diseased affections, which cannot enjoy a singularity without a heresy, or be the author of an opinion without they be of a sect also. This was the villany of the first schism of Lucifer; who was not content to err alone, but drew into his faction many legions, and upon this experience he tempted only Eve, well understanding the communicable nature of sin, and that to deceive but one was tacitly and upon consequence to delude them both.

Sect. 8.—That heresies should arise, we have the prophecy of Christ, but, that old ones should be abolished, we hold no prediction. That there must be heresies, is true, not only in our church, but also in any other even in the doctrines heretical there will be superheresies, and Ariana, not only divided from the church, but also among themselves for heads that are disposed unto schism, and complexionally propense to innovation, are naturally indisposed for a community, nor will be ever confined unto the order or economy of one body, and therefore, when they separate from others, they knit but loosely among themselves, nor contented with a general breach or dichotomy¹⁰ with their church, do subdivide and mince themselves almost into atoms. 'Tis true, that men of singular parts and humours have not been free from singular opinions and conceits in all ages, retaining something, not only beside the opinion of his own church, or any other, but

also any particular author, which, notwithstanding a sober judgment may do without offence or heresy, for there is yet, after all the decrees of councils, and the niceties of the schools, many things, untouched, unimagined, wherein the liberty of an honest reason may play and expatiate with security, and far without the circle of a heresy

Sect. 9—As for those wingy mysteries in divinity, and airy subtleties in religion, which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *propter*¹¹ of mine. Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith the deepest mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained, by syllogism and the rule of reason. I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!* 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity—with incarnation and resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian, "*Certum est quia impossibile est.*" I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point for to credit ordinary and visible objects, is not faith, but persuasion. Some believe the better for seeing Christ's sepulchre and, when they have seen the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle. Now contrarily I bless myself, and am thankful, that I lived not in the days of miracles, that I never saw Christ nor his disciples. I would not have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christ's patients, on whom he wrought his wonders then had my faith been thrust upon me, nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and saw not. 'Tis an easy and necessary belief, to credit what our eye and

reason hath examined. I believe he was dead, and buried, and rose again, and desire to see him in his glory, rather than to contemplate him in his cenotaph or sepulchre. Nor is this much to believe, as we have reason, we owe this faith unto history: they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his coming, who, upon obscure prophesies and mystical types, could raise a belief, and expect apparent impossibilities.

Sect. 10—'Tis true, there is an edge in all firm belief, and with an easy metaphor we may say, the sword of faith, but in these obscurities I rather use it in the adjunct the apostle gives it, a buckler, under which I conceive a wary combatant may be invulnerable. Since I was of understanding to know that we knew nothing, my reason hath been more pliable to the will of faith. I am now content to understand a mystery, without a rigid definition, in an easy and Platonic description. That allegorical description of Hermes* pleaseth me beyond all the metaphysical definitions of divines. Where I cannot satisfy my reason, I love to humour my fancy. I had as lieve you tell me that *anima est angelus hominis, est corpus Dei, as ἐτελλεως*;—*lux est umbra Dei, as actus perspicuus*. Where there is an obscurity too deep for our reason, 'tis good to sit down with a description, periphrasis, or adumbration,¹² for, by acquainting our reason how unable it is to display the visible and obvious effects of nature, it becomes more humble and submissive unto the subtleties of faith, and thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed reason to stoop unto the lure of faith. I believe there was already a tree, whose fruit our unhappy parents tasted, though, in the same chapter when God forbids it, 'tis

* "*Sphæra cujus centrum ubique, circumferentia nullibi.*"

positively said, the plants of the field were not yet grown, for God had not caused it to rain upon the earth. I believe that the serpent (if we shall literally understand it), from his proper form and figure, made his motion on his belly, before the curse. I find the trial of the pucelage and virginity of women, which God ordained the Jews, is very fallible. Experience and history informs me that, not only many particular women, but likewise whole nations have escaped the curse of childbirth, which God seems to pronounce upon the whole sex yet do I believe that all this is true, which, indeed, my reason would persuade me to be false and this, I think, is no vulgar part of faith, to believe a thing not only above, but contrary to, reason, and against the arguments of our proper senses.

Sect. 11—In my solitary and retired imagination (*"neque enim cum porticus aut me lectulus accipit, deum mihi"*), I remember I am not alone and therefore forget not to contemplate him and his attributes, who is ever with me, especially those two mighty ones, his wisdom and eternity. With the one I recreate, with the other I confound, my understanding for who can speak of eternity without a solecism or think thereof without an ecstasy? Time we may comprehend, 'tis but five days elder than ourselves, and hath the same horoscope with the world, but, to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning—to give such an infinite start for

elephants, dromedaries, and camels; these, I confess, are the colossus and majestick pieces of her hand; but in these narrow engines there is more curious mathematicks; and the civility of these little citizens more neatly sets forth the wisdom of their Maker. Who admires not Regio Montanus his fly beyond his eagle,¹¹ or wonders not more at the operation of two souls in those little bodies than but one in the trunk of a cedar? I could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the sea, the increase of Nile, the conversion of the needle to the north, and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature which, without farther travel, I can do in the cosmography of myself. We carry with us the wonders we seek without us there is all Africa and her prodigies in us. We are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely learns, in a compendium, what others labour at in a divided piece and endless volume.

Sect. 16.—Thus there are two books from whence I collect my divinity. Besides that written one of God, another of his servant, nature, that universal and publick manuscript, that lies expanded unto the eyes of all. Those that never saw him in the one have discovered him in the other. This was the scripture and theology of the heathens, the natural motion of the sun made them more admire him than its supernatural station did the children of Israel. The ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in them than, in the other, all his miracles. Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature. Nor do I so forget God as to adore the name

best express the actions of their inward forms, and having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty. There is no deformity but in monstrosity, wherein, notwithstanding there is a kind of beauty, nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabrick. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never any thing ugly or mis-shapen, but the chaos, wherein, notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form, nor was it yet impregnated by the voice of God. Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature, they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.

Sect 17 —This is the ordinary and open way of his providence, which art and industry have in good part discovered, whose effects we may foretell without an oracle. To foreshow these is not prophecy but prognostication. There is another way, full of meanders and labyrinths, whereof the devil and spirits have no exact ephemerides and that is a more particular and obscure method of his providence directing the operations of individual and single essences this we call fortune, that serpentine and crooked line, whereby he draws those actions his wisdom intends in a more unknown and secret way this cryptic¹¹ and involved method of his providence have I ever admired, nor can I relate the history of my life, the occurrences of my days, the escapes, or dangers, and hits of chance

season. All cannot be happy at once, for, because the glory of one state depends upon the ruin of another, there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatness, and must obey the swing of that wheel not moved by intelligencies, but by the hand of God, whereby all estates arise to their zenith and vertical points, according to their predestinated periods. For the lives, not only of men, but of commonwealths and the whole world, run not upon a helix that still enlargeth, but on a circle, where, arriving to their meridian, they decline in obscurity, and fall under the horizon again.

Sect 18—These must not therefore be named the effects of fortune but in a relative way, and as we term the works of nature. It was the ignorance of man's reason that begat this very name, and by a careless term miscalled the providence of God for there is no liberty for causes to operate in a loose and straggling way, nor any effect whatsoever but hath its warrant from some universal or superior cause. 'Tis not a ridiculous devotion to say a prayer before a game at tables for, even in sortileges²¹ and matters of greatest uncertainty, there is a settled and preordered course of effects. It is we that are blind, not fortune. Because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty. I cannot justify that contemptible proverb, that "fools only are fortunate," or that insolent paradox, that "a wise man is out of the reach of fortune" much less those opprobrious epithets of poets,—"where," "bawd," and "strumpet." 'Tis, I confess, the common fate of men of singular gifts of mind, to be destitute of those of fortune, which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgments who thoroughly understand the justice of this proceeding, and, being

enriched with higher donatives, cast a more careless eye on these vulgar parts of felicity. It is a most unjust ambition, to desire to engross the mercies of the Almighty, not to be content with the goods of mind, without a possession of those of body or fortune. and it is an error, worse than heresy, to adore these complimentary and circumstantial pieces of felicity, and undervalue those perfections and essential points of happiness, wherein we resemble our Maker. To wiser desires it is satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy, the favours of fortune. Let providence provide for fools.

than a sonites,²⁴ resolve all things to God. For though we churten effects by their most sensible and nearest causes, yet is God the true and infallible cause of all whose concurrence, though it be general yet doth it subdivide itself into the particular actions of every thing and is that spirit, by which each singular essence not only subsists, but performs its operation

Sect. 19 —The bad construction and perverse comment on these pair of second causes or visible hands of God, have perverted the devotion of many unto atheism who, forgetting the honest advices of faith, have listened unto the conspiracy of passion and reason. I have therefore always endeavoured to compose those feuds and angry dissensions between affection faith and reason for there is in our soul a kind of triumvirate, or triple government of three competitors, which distracts the peace of this our commonwealth not less than did that other²⁵ the state of Rome.

As reason is a rebel unto faith, so passion unto reason As the propositions of faith seem absurd unto reason so the theorems of reason unto passion and both unto reason yet a moderate and peaceable discretion may so state and order the matter that they may be all kings, and yet make but one monarchy every one exercising his sovereignty and prerogative in a due time and place, according to the restraint and limit of circumstance. There are, as in philosophy so in civility sturdy doubts and bolterous objections, wherewith the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us. More of these no man hath known than myself which I confess I conquered, not in a martial posture but on my knees. For our endeavours are not only to combat with doubts, but always to dispute with the devil. The villany of that

spirit takes a hint of infidelity from our studies ; and, by demonstrating a naturalty in one way, makes us mistrust a miracle in another. Thus, having perused the Archidoxes, and read the secret sympathies of things, he would dissuade my belief from the miracle of the brazen serpent, make me conceit that image worked by sympathy, and was but an Egyptian trick, to cure their diseases without a miracle. Again, having seen some experiments of bitumen, and having read far more of naphtha, he whispered to my curiosity the fire of the altar might be natural, and bade me mistrust a miracle in Elias, when he intrenched the altar round with water for that inflammable substance yields not easily unto water, but flames in the arms of its antagonist. And thus would he inveigle my belief to think the combustion of Sodom might be natural, and that there was an asphaltick and bituminous nature in that lake before the fire of Gomorrah. I know that manna is now plentifully gathered in Calabria, and Josephus tells me, in his days it was as plentiful in Arabia. The devil therefore made the query, "Where was then the miracle in the days of Moses?" The Israelites saw but that, in his time, which the natives of those countries behold in ours. Thus the devil played at chess with me, and, yielding a pawn, thought to gain a queen of me, taking advantage of my honest endeavours, and, whilst I laboured to raise the structure of my reason, he strove to undermine the edifice of my faith.

Sect 20 — Neither had these or any other ever such advantage of me, as to incline me to any point of infidelity or desperate positions of atheism, for I have been these many years of opinion there was never any. Those that held religion was the difference of man from

beasts, have spoken probably, and proceed upon a principle as inductive as the other. That doctrine of Epicurus, that denied the providence of God, was no atheism, but a magnificent and high-strained conceit of his majesty, which he deemed too sublime to mind the trivial actions of those inferior creatures. That fatal necessity of the stoicks is nothing but the immutable law of his will. Those that heretofore denied the divinity of the Holy Ghost have been condemned but as hereticks, and those that now deny our Saviour, though more than hereticks, are not so much as atheists for, though they deny two persons in the Trinity, they hold, as we do, there is but one God.

That villain and secretary of hell,²⁰ that composed that miscreant piece of the three impostors though divided from all religions, and neither Jew, Turk, nor Christian, was not a positive atheist. I confess every country hath its Machiavel, every age its Lucian, whereof common heads must not hear, nor more advanced judgments too rashly venture on. It is the rhetorick of Satan, and may pervert a loose or prejudicate belief.

Sect. 21 —I confess I have perused them all, and can discover nothing that may startle a discreet belief, yet are their heads carried off with the wind and breath of such motives. I remember a doctor in physick, of Italy, who could not perfectly believe the immortality of the soul, because Galen seemed to make a doubt thereof. With another I was familiarly acquainted, in France, a divine, and a man of singular parts, that on the same point was so plunged and gravelled with three lines of Seneca,* that all our antidotes, drawn from

* * Post mortem nihil est ipsaque mors nihil, mors individua est mortis corpori, nec patiens animæ. . Toti morimur nullaque pars manet nostri "

both Scripture and philosophy, could not expel the poison of his error. There are a set of heads that can credit the relations of mariners, yet question the testimonies of Saint Paul and peremptorily maintain the traditions of Ælian or Pliny, yet, in histories of Scripture, raise queries and objections believing no more than they can parallel in human authors. I confess there are, in Scripture, stories that do exceed the fables of poets, and, to a captious reader, sound like *Gargantua* or *Revis*. Search all the legends of times past, and the fabulous conceits of these present, and 'twill be hard to find one that deserves to carry the buckler unto Samson, yet is all this of an easy possibility, if we conceive a divine concurrence, or an influence from the little finger of the Almighty. It is impossible that, either in the discourse of man or in the infallible voice of God, to the weakness of our apprehensions there should not appear irregularities, contradictions, and antinomies. I myself could show a catalogue of doubts, never yet imagined nor questioned, as I know, which are not resolved at the first hearing, not fantastick queries or objections of air, for I cannot hear of atoms in divinity. I can read the history of the pigeon that was sent out of the ark, and returned no more, yet not question how she found out her mate that was left behind that Lazarus was raised from the dead, yet not demand where, in the interim, his soul awaited or raise a law-case, whether his heir might lawfully detain his inheritance bequeathed upon him by his death, and he, though restored to life, have no plea or title unto his former possessions. Whether Eve was framed out of the left side of Adam, I dispute not, because I stand not yet assured which is the right side of a man, or whether there be any such distinction in nature. That she was

edified out of the rib of Adam I believe yet raise no question who shall arise with that rib at the resurrection. Whether Adam was an hermaphrodite, as the rabbins contend upon the letter of the text, because it is contrary to reason, there should be an hermaphrodite before there was a woman, or a composition of two natures, before there was a second composed. Likewise, whether the world was created in autumn, summer or the spring, because it was created in them all for, whatsoever sign the sun possesseth, those four seasons are actually existent. It is the nature of this luminary to distinguish the several seasons of the year, all which it makes at one time in the whole earth and successively in any part thereof. There are a bundle of curiosities, not only in philosophy, but in divinity proposed and discussed by men of most supposed abilities, which indeed are not worthy our vacant hours much less our serious studies. Pieces only fit to be placed in Pantagruel's library²⁰ or bound up with Tartaratus, *De Modo Cacandi*. *²¹

Sec. 22.—These are niceties that become not those that peruse so serious a mystery. There are others more generally questioned, and called to the bar yet, methinks, of an easy and possible truth.

'Tis ridiculous to put off or down the general flood of Noah in that particular inundation of Deucalion.* That there was a deluge once seems not to me so great a miracle as that there is not one always. How all the kinds of creatures, not only in their own bulks, but with a competency of food and sustenance, might be preserved in one ark, and within the extent of three hundred cubits, to a reason that rightly examines it, will appear very feasible. There is another secret, not contained in the Scripture, which is more hard to com-

* In Babelais.

prehend, and put the honest Fathers^m to the refuge of a miracle ; and that is, not only how the distinct pieces of the world, and divided islands, should be first planted by men, but inhabited by tigers, panthers, and bears. How America abounded with beasts of prey, and noxious animals, yet contained not in it that necessary creature, a horse, is very strange. By what passage those, not only birds, but dangerous and unwelcome beasts, come over. How there be creatures there (which are not found in this triple continent). All which must needs be strange unto us, that hold but one ark, and that the creatures began their progress from the mountains of Ararat. They who, to salve this, would make the deluge particular, proceed upon a principle that I can no way grant, not only upon the negative of Holy Scriptures, but of mine own reason, whereby I can make it probable that the world was as well peopled in the time of Noah as in ours, and fifteen hundred years, to people the world, as full a time for them as four thousand years since have been to us. There are other assertions and common tenets drawn from Scripture, and generally believed as Scripture, whereunto, notwithstanding, I —

themselves against a second deluge, is generally opinioned and believed, yet is there another intention of theirs expressed in Scripture. Besides, it is improbable from the circumstance of the place, that is, a plain in the land of Shinar. These are no points of faith, and therefore may admit a free dispute. There are yet others, and those familiarly concluded from the text, wherein (under favour) I see no consequence. The church of Rome confidently proves the opinion of tutelary angels, from that answer when Peter knocked at the door "Tis not he, but his angel," that is, might some say, his messenger, or somebody from him, for so the original signifies and is as likely to be the doubtful family's meaning. This exposition I once suggested to a young divine, that answered upon this point to which I remember the Franciscan opponent replied no more, but, that it was a new, and no authentick inter

unremarkable, what Philo first observed, that the law of Moses continued two thousand years without the least alteration, whereas, we see, the laws of other commonwealths do alter with occasions and even those, that pretended their original from some divinity to have vanished without trace or memory. I believe, besides Zoroaster, there were divers others that writ before Moses, who notwithstanding, have suffered the common fate of time. Mens works have an age, like themselves, and though they outlive their authors, yet have they a stint and period to their duration. This only is a work too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the general flames, when all things shall confess their ashes.

Sect. 24 —I have heard some with deep sighs lament the lost lines of Cicero, others with as many groans deplore the combustion of the library of Alexandria³³ for my own part, I think there be too many in the world, and could with patience behold the urn and ashes of the Vatican, could I, with a few others, recover the perished leaves of Solomon. I would not omit a copy of Enoch's pillars,³⁴ had they many nearer authors than Josephus, or did not relish somewhat of the fable. Some men have written more than others have spoken. Pineda³⁵ quotes more authors, in one work,* than are necessary in a whole world. Of those three great inventions in Germany,³⁶ there are two which are not without their incommodities, and tis disputable whether they exceed not their use and commodities. 'Tis not a melancholy utinam of my own but the desires of better heads, that there were a general synod—not to unite the incompatible difference of religion, but,—for the benefit of

* Pineda, in his *Monarchia Ecclesiastica*, quotes one thousand and forty authors

those only drawn from the revolt of pagans ; men but of negative impieties , and such as deny Christ, but because they never heard of him . But the religion of the Jew is expressly against the Christian, and the Mohammedan against both , for the Turk, in the bulk he now stands, is beyond all hope of conversion . if he fall asunder, there may be conceived hopes , but not without strong improbabilities . The Jew is obstinate in all fortunes , the persecution of fifteen hundred years hath but confirmed them in their error . They have already endured whatsoever may be inflicted . and have suffered, in a bad cause, even to the condemnation of their enemies . Persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant religion . It hath been the unhappy method of angry devotions, not only to confirm honest religion, but wicked heresies and extravagant opinions . It was the first stone and basis of our faith . None can more justly boast of persecutions, and glory in the number and valour of martyrs . For, to speak properly, those are true and almost only examples of fortitude . Those that are fetched from the field, or drawn from the actions of the camp, are not oftentimes so truly precedents of valour as audacity, and, at the best, attain but to some bastard piece of fortitude . If we shall strictly examine the circumstances and requisites which Aristotle requires²⁰ to true and perfect valour, we shall find the name only

through the flames. Every one hath it not in that full measure, nor in so audacious and resolute a temper, as to endure those terrible tests and trials, who, notwithstanding, in a peaceable way, do truly adore their Saviour, and have, no doubt, a faith acceptable in the eyes of God.

Sect 20.—Now, as all that die in the war are not termed soldiers, so neither can I properly term all those that suffer in matters of religion, martyrs. The council of Constance condemns John Huss for a heretick, ⁴⁰ the stories of his own party style him a martyr. He must needs offend the divinity of both, that says he was neither the one nor the other. There are many (*questionless*) canonized on earth, that shall never be saints in heaven, and have their names in histories and martyrologies, who, in the eyes of God, are not so perfect martyrs as was that wise heathen Socrates, that suffered on a fundamental point of religion,—the unity of God. I have often pitied the miserable bishop ⁴¹ that suffered in the cause of antipodes yet cannot choose but accuse him of as much madness, for exposing his living on such a trifle as those of ignorance and folly, that condemned him. I think my conscience will not give me the lie, if I say there are not many extant, that, in a noble way fear the face of death less than myself, yet, from the moral duty I owe to the commandment of God, and the natural respect that I tender unto the conservation of my essence and being, I would not perish upon a ceremony, politick points, or indifference nor is my belief of that untractable temper as, not to bow at their obstacles, or connive at matters wherein there are not manifest impieties. The heaven, therefore, and ferment of all, not only civil, but religious, actions, is wisdom, without which, to commit

ourselves to the flames is homicide, and (I fear) but to pass through one fire into another

Sect. 27 —That miracles are ceased, I can neither prove nor absolutely deny, much less define the time and period of their cessation. That they survived Christ is manifest upon record of Scripture that they outlived the apostles also, and were revived at the conversion of nations, many years after, we cannot deny, if we shall not question those writers whose testimonies we do not controvert in points that make for our own opinions therefore, that may have some truth in it, that is reported by the Jesuits of their miracles in the Indies I could wish it were true, or had any other testimony than their own pens. They may easily believe those miracles abroad, who daily conceive a greater at home —the transmutation of those visible elements into the body and blood of our Saviour, —for the conversion of water into wine, which he wrought in Cana, or, what the devil would have had him done in the wilderness, of stones into bread, compared to this, will scarce deserve the name of a miracle though, indeed, to speak properly, there is not one miracle

shall be after it, yet is not older than it for, in his years there is no climacter ⁴³ his duration is eternity, and far more venerable than antiquity

Sect 29—But, above all things, I wonder how the curiosity of wiser heads could pass that great and indisputable miracle, the cessation of oracles, and in what swoon their reasons lay, to content themselves, and sit down with such a far fetched and ridiculous reason as Plutarch allegeth for it.⁴⁴ The Jews, that can believe the supernatural solstice of the sun in the days of Joshua, have yet the impudence to deny the eclipse, which every pagan confessed at his death, but for this it is evident beyond all contradiction the devil himself confessed it * Certainly it is not a warrantable curiosity, to examine the verity of Scripture by the concordance of human history, or seek to confirm the chronicle of Hester or Daniel by the authority of Megasthenes⁴⁵ or Herodotus. I confess, I have had an unhappy curiosity this way till I laughed myself out of it with a piece of Justin, where he delivers that the children of Israel for being scabbed, were banished out of Egypt. And truly since I have understood the occurrences of the world and know in what counterfeiting shapes and deceitful visards times present represent on the stage things past I do believe them little more than things to come. Some have been of my own opinion and endeavoured to write the history of their own lives wherein Moses hath outgone them all and left not only the story of his life, but as some will have it, of his death also.

Sect 30—It is a riddle to me, how this story of oracles hath not wormed out of the world that doubtful conceit of squints and witches, how so many learned

* In his oracle to Augustus.

heads should so far forget their metaphysicks, and destroy the ladder and scale of creatures, as to question the existence of spirits, for my part, I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are witches. They that doubt of these do not only deny them, but spirits and are obliquely, and upon consequence, a sort, not of infidels, but atheists. Those that, to confute their incredulity, desire to see apparitions, shall, questionless, never behold any, nor have the power to be so much as witches. The devil hath made them already in a heresy as capital as witchcraft, and to appear to them were but to convert them. Of all the delusions wherewith he deceives mortality, there is not any that puzzleth me more than the Jegerdemann of changelings.⁴⁶ I do not credit those transformations of reasonable creatures into beasts or that the devil hath a power to transpicate a man into a horse who tempted Christ (as a trial of his divinity) to convert but stones into bread. I could believe that spirits use with man the act of carnality and that in both sexes. I conceive they may assume steal or contrive a body, wherein there may be action enough to content decrepit lust, or passion to satisfy more active veneries yet, in both without a possibility

scattered and divided individuals into one species, why may there not be one that unites them all? However, I am sure there is a common spirit, that plays within us, yet makes no part in us, and that is, the spirit of God, the fire and scintillation of that noble and mighty essence, which is the life and radical heat of spirits, and those essences that know not the virtue of the sun, a fire quite contrary to the fire of hell. This is that gentle heat that brooded on the waters, and in six days hatched the world, this is that irradiation that dispels the mists of hell, the clouds of horror, fear sorrow, despair, and preserves the region of the mind in serenity. Whatsoever feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of *this spirit* (though I feel his pulse), I dare not say he lives, for truly without this, to me, there is no heat under the tropick, nor any light, though I dwell in the body of the sun.

selves, in a more complete and absolute way to ascribe unto them. I believe they have an extemporary knowledge, and, upon the first motion of their reason, do what we cannot without study or deliberation that they know things by their forms, and define, by specific difference what we describe by accidents and properties and therefore probabilities to us may be *demonstrations unto them* that they have knowledge not only of the specific, but numerical, forms of individuals, and understand by what reserved difference each single hypostasis (besides the relation to its species) becomes its numerical self that, as the soul hath a power to move the body it informs, so there's a faculty to move any, though inform none ours upon restraint of time, place, and distance but that invisible hand that conveyed Habakkuk to the lion's den, or Philip to Azotus, infrangeth this rule, and hath a secret conveyance, wherewith mortality is not acquainted. If they have that intuitive knowledge, whereby, as in reflection, they behold the thoughts of one another, I cannot peremptorily deny but they know a great part of ours. They that, to refute the invocation of saints, have denied that they have any knowledge of our affairs below.

Sect 34—These are certainly the magisterial and masterpieces of the Creator, the flower, or, as we may say, the best part of nothing, actually existing, what we are but in hopes, and probability. We are only that amphibious piece, between a corporeal and a spiritual essence, that middle form, that links those two together, and makes good the method of God and nature, that jumps not from extremes, but unites the incompatible distances by some middle and participating natures. That we are the breath and similitude of God, it is indisputable, and upon record of Holy Scripture but to call ourselves a microcosm, or little world, I thought it only a pleasant trope of rhetorick, till my near judgment and second thoughts told me there was a real truth therein. For, first we are a rude mass, and in the rank of creatures which only are, and have a dull kind of being, not yet privileged with life, or preferred

of Moses, bred up in the hieroglyphical schools of the Egyptians.

Sect. 30 — Now for that immaterial world, methinks we need not wander so far as the first moveable, for, even in this material fabrick, the spirits walk as freely exempt from the affection of time, place, and motion, as beyond the extremest circumference. Do but extract from the corpulency of bodies, or resolve things beyond their first matter and you discover the habitation of angels, which if I call the ubiquitary and omnipresent essence of God, I hope I shall not offend divinity for before the creation of the world, God was really all things. For the angels he created no new world, or determinate mansion and therefore they are everywhere where is his essence, and do live, at a distance even, in himself. That God made all things for man, is in some sense true, yet not so far as to subordinate the creation of those purer creatures unto ours, though, as ministering spirits, they do, and are willing to fulfil the will of God in these lower and sublunary affairs of man. God

bel of than that rhetorical sentence and *antimetathesis* St of Augustine, "*creando infunditur infundendo creatur*" Either opinion will consist well enough with religion yet I sh^d rather incline to this did not one objection haunt me not wrung from speculations and subtleties, but from common sense and observation not pick'd from the leaves of any author but bred amongst the weeds and tares of my own brain. And this is a conclusion from the equivocal and monstrous productions in the copulation of a man with a beast for if the soul of man be not transmitted and transfused in the seed of the parents, why are not those productions merely beasts but have also an impression and tincture of reason in as high a measure as it can evidence itself in those improper organs? Nor truly, can I peremptorily deny that the soul in this her sublunary estate, is wholly and in all acceptions, inorganical but that, for the performance of her ordinary actions, is required not only a symmetry and proper disposition of organs but a crass and temper correspondent to its operations yet is not this mass of flesh and visible structure the instrument and proper corpse of the soul but rather of sense, and that the hand of reason. In our study of anatomy there is a mass of mysterious philosophy and such as reduced the very heathens to divinity yet, amongst all those rare discoveries and curious pieces I find in the fabrick of man I do not so much content myself, as in that I find not—that is, no organ or instrument for the rational soul for in the brain which we term the seat of reason, there is not anything of moment more than I can discover in the crany of a beast and this is a sensible and no inconsiderable argument of the inorganity of the soul, at least in that sense we usually so conceive it. Thus we are men, and

not outlive that very thought. I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, thus retaining to the sun and elements, I cannot think this is to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of humanity. In expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this life, yet, in my best meditations, do often defy death. I honour any man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it. This makes me naturally love a soldier, and honour those tattered and contemptible regiments, that will die at the command of a sergeant. For a pagan there may be some motives to be in love with life, but, for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma—that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come.

Sect. 39—Some divines⁵² count Adam thirty years old at his creation, because they suppose him created in the perfect age and stature of man and surely we are all out of the computation of our age, and every man is some months older than he bethinks him, for we live, move, have a being and are subject to the actions of the elements, and the malice of diseases, in that other world, the truest microcosm, the womb of our mother. For besides that general and common existence we are conceived to hold in our chaos, and whilst we sleep within the bosom of our causes, we enjoy a being and life in three distinct worlds, wherein we receive most manifest gradations. In that obscure world, the womb of our mother, our time is short, computed by the moon yet longer than the days of many creatures that behold the sun, ourselves being not yet without life, sense, and reason,⁵³ though, for the manifestation of its actions, it awaits the opportunity of objects, and seems to live there but in its root and soul of vegetation.

illo!" Not that I am ashamed of the anatomy of my parts, or can accuse nature of playing the bungler in any part of me, or my own vicious life for contracting a y shameful disease upon me whereby I might not call myself as wholesome a morsel for the worms as any

Sect 41 —Some upon the courage of a fruitful issue wherein, as in the truest chronicle they seem to outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceit and counterfeit subsisting in our progenies seems to be a mere fallacy unworthy the desire of a man, that can but conceive a thought of the next world who in a nobler ambition should desire to live in his substance in heaven rather than his name and shadow in the earth. And therefore at my death, I mean to take a total adieu of the world not caring for a monument, history or epitaph not so much as the bare memory of my name to be found anywhere but in the universal register of God. I am not yet so,

so it proceeds in degrees of badness ; for as they proceed they ever multiply, and, like figures in arithmetick, the last stands for more than all that went before it. And, though I think no man can live well once, but he that could live twice, yet, for my own part, I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my days, not upon Cicero's ground,* because I have lived them well, but for fear I should live them worse. I find my growing judgment daily instruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity make me daily do worse. I find in my confirmed age the same sins I discovered in my youth ; I committed many then because I was a child, and, because I commit them still, I am yet an infant. Therefore I perceive a man may be twice a child, before the days of dotage, and stand in need of Æson's bath** before --

valiant acts of Curtius, Scaevola, or Codrus, do not parallel, or match, that one of Job, and sure there is no torture to the rack of a disease, nor any poniards in death itself, like those in the way or prologue unto it. "*Emori nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil curo,*" I would not die, but care not to be dead. Were I of Cæsar's religion,* I should be of his desires, and wish rather to go off at one blow, than to be sawed in pieces by the grating torture of a disease. Men that look no further than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick, but I, that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabrick hangs, do wonder that we are not always so, and, considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once. 'Tis not only the mischief of diseases and the villany of

complaints of misery we are in the power of no calamity while death is in our own.

Sect. 45 —Now, besides this literal and positive kind of death, there are others whereof divines make mention, and those, I think, not merely metaphorical, as mortification, dying unto sin and the world. Therefore, I say, every man hath a double horoscope, one of his humanity,—his birth another of his Christianity—his baptism and from this do I compute or calculate my nativity, not reckoning those *horæ combustæ*," and odd days, or esteeming myself anything before I was my Saviour's and enrolled in the register of Christ. Whosoever enjoys not this life, I count him but an apparition, though he wear about him the sensible affections of flesh. In these moral acceptations, the way to be immortal is to die daily, nor can I think I have the true theory of death, when I contemplate a skull or behold a skeleton with those vulgar imaginations it casts upon us. I have therefore enlarged that common *memento mori* into a more Christian memorandum *memento quatuor notissima*,—those four inevitable points of us all, death, judgment, heaven, and hell. Neither did the contemplations of the heathens rest in

I believe the world grows near its end ; yet is neither old nor decayed, nor will ever perish upon the ruins of its own principles. As the work of creation was above nature, so is its adversary, annihilation ; without which the world hath not its end, but its mutation. Now, what force should be able to consume it thus far, without the breath of God, which is the truest consuming flame, my philosophy cannot inform me. Some believe there went not a minute to the world's creation, nor shall there go to its destruction ; those six days, so punctually described, make not to them one moment, but rather seem to manifest the method and idea of that great work of the intellect of God than the manner how he proceeded in its operation. I cannot dream that there should be at the last day any such judicial proceeding, or calling to the bar, as indeed the Scripture seems to imply, and the literal commentators do conceive for unspeakable mysteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illustrative way, and, being written unto man, are delivered, not as they truly are, but as they may be understood, wherein, notwithstanding, the different interpretations according to different capacities may stand firm with our devotion, nor be any way prejudicial to each single edification.

Sect. 46.—Now, to determine the day and year of this inevitable time, is not only convincible and statute madness, but also manifest impiety. How shall we interpret Elias's six thousand years, or imagine the secret communicated to a Rabbi which God hath denied unto his angels ? It had been an excellent quære to have posed the devil of Delphos, and must needs have forced him to some strange amphibology. It hath not only mocked the predictions of sundry astrologers in ages past, but the prophecies of many melancholy

heads in these present; who, neither understanding reasonably things past nor present, pretend a knowledge of things to come; heads ordained only to manifest the incredible effects of melancholy and to fulfil old prophecies,* rather than be the authors of new. "In those days there shall come wars and rumours of wars" to me seems no prophecy, but a constant truth in all times verified since it was pronounced. "There shall be signs in the moon and stars;" how comes he then like a thief in the night, when he gives an item of his coming? That common sign, drawn from the revelation of antichrist, is as obscure as any; in our common compute he hath been come these many years; but, for my own part, to speak freely, I am half of opinion that antichrist is the philosopher's stone in divinity, for the discovery and invention whereof, though there be prescribed rules, and probable inductions, yet hath hardly any man attained the perfect discovery thereof. That general opinion, that the world grows near its

this great piece. This is the day whose memory hath, only, power to make us honest in the dark, and to be virtuous without a witness. "*Ipsa est pretium virtus sibi,*" that virtue is her own reward, is but a cold principle, and not able to maintain our variable resolutions in a constant and settled way of goodness. I have practised that honest artifice of Seneca,⁶⁶ and, in my retired and solitary imaginations to detain me from the foulness of vice, have fancied to myself the presence of my dear and worthiest friends, before whom I should lose my head rather than be vicious, yet herein I found that there was nought but moral honesty, and thus was not to be virtuous for his sake who must reward us at the last. I have tried if I could reach that great resolution of his, to be honest without a thought of heaven or hell, and, indeed I found, upon a natural inclination, and inbred loyalty unto virtue, that I could serve her without a livery, yet not in that resolved and venerable way, but that the frailty of my nature, upon an easy temptation, might be induced to forget her. The life, therefore, and spirit of all our actions is the resurrection, and a stable apprehension that our ashes shall enjoy the fruit of our pious endeavours, without this, all religion is a fallacy, and those impieties of Lucian, Euripides, and Julian, are no blasphemies, but subtle verities, and atheists have been the only philosophers.

must suspend the rules of our philosophy, and make all good by a more absolute piece of opticks.

Sect 50 —I cannot tell how to say that fire is the essence of hell, I know not what to make of purgatory, or conceive a flame that can either prey upon, or purify the substance of a soul. Those flames of sulphur, mentioned in the scriptures, I take not to be understood of this present hell, but of that to come, where fire shall make up the complement of our tortures, and have a body or subject whereon to manifest its tyranny. Some who have had the honour to be textuary in divinity are of opinion it shall be the same specifical fire with ours. This is hard to conceive, yet can I make good how even that may prey upon our bodies, and yet not consume us for in this material world, there are bodies that persist invincible in the powerfulest flames, and though, by the action of fire, they fall into ignition and liquation, yet will they never suffer a destruction. I would gladly know how Moses, with an actual fire, calcined or burnt the golden calf into powder for that mystical metal of gold, whose solary and celestial nature I admire, exposed unto the violence of fire, grows only hot, and liquefies, but consumeth not, so when the consumable and volatile pieces of our bodies shall be refined into a more impregnable and fixed temper, like gold, though they suffer from the action of flames, they shall never perish, but be immortal in the arms of fire. And surely, if this flame must suffer only by the action of this element, there will many bodies escape, and not only heaven, but earth will not be at an end, but rather a beginning. For at present it is not earth, but a composition of fire, water, earth, and air, but at that time, spoiled of these ingredients, it shall appear in a substance more like itself, its ashes. Philosophers that

opinioned the world's destruction by fire did never dream of annihilation, which is beyond the power of sublunary causes for the last and proper action of that element is but vitrification, or a reduction of a body into glass, and therefore some of our chymicks facetiously affirm, that, at the last fire, all shall be crystalized and reverberated into glass, which is the utmost action of that element. Nor need we fear this term, annihilation, or wonder that God will destroy the works of his creation for man subsisting who is, and will then truly appear a microcosm, the world cannot be said to be destroyed. For the eyes of God, and perhaps also of our glorified selves, shall as really behold and contemplate the world, in its epitome or contracted essence, as now it doth at large and in its dilated substance. In the seed of a plant, to the eyes of God, and to the understanding of man, there exists, though in an invisable way the perfect leaves, flowers, and fruit thereof for

it. Men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming mountains, which to grosser apprehensions represent hell. The heart of man is the place the devils dwell in. I feel sometimes a hell within myself. Lucifer keeps his court in my breast. Legion is revived in me. There are as many hells as Anaxagoras^{ss} conceited worlds. There was more than one hell in Magdalene when there were seven devils, for every devil is an hell unto himself^{ss} he holds enough of torture in his own abode and needs not the misery of circumference to afflict him and thus, a distracted conscience here is a shadow or introduction unto hell hereafter. Who can but pity the merciful intention of those hands that do destroy themselves? The devil were it in his power would do the like which being impossible, his miseries are endless and he suffers most in that attribute wherein he is impassible his immortality.

Sect 52.—I thank God and with joy I mention it I was never afraid of hell nor ever grew pale at the description of that place. I have so fixed my contemplations on heaven that I have almost forgot the idea of hell and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one than endure the misery of the other. To be deprived of them is a perfect hell, and needs methinks no addition to complete our afflictions. That terrible term hath never detained me from sin nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I fear God yet am not afraid of him. His mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his judgments afraid thereof. These are the forced and secondary method of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy and upon provocation — a course rather to deter the wicked than incite the virtuous to his worship. I can hardly think there was

ever any scared into heaven they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell other mercenaries, that crouch unto him in fear of hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves, of the Almighty

Sect. 53.—And to be true, and speak my soul, when I survey the occurrences of my life, and call into account the finger of God, I can perceive nothing but an abyss and mass of mercies, either in general to mankind, or in particular to myself. And, whether out of the prejudice of my affection or an inverting and partial conceit of his mercies, I know not,—but those which others term crosses, afflictions, judgments, misfortunes, to me, who inquire further into them than their visible effects, they both appear and in event have ever proved, the secret and dissembled favours of his affection. It is a singular piece of wisdom to apprehend truly and without passion the works of God, and so well to distinguish his justice from his mercy as not to miscall those noble attributes

rather than admire the sceptre of his mercies ! Therefore to adore, honour, and admire him, is a debt of gratitude due from the obligation of our nature, states, and conditions and with these thoughts he that knows them best will not deny that I adore him. That I obtain heaven, and the bliss thereof, is accidental, and not the intended work of my devotion, it being a felicity I can neither think to deserve nor scarce in modesty to expect. For these two ends of us all, either as rewards or punishments, are mercifully ordained and disproportionably disposed unto our actions, the one being so far beyond our desert. the other so infinitely below our demerits.

Sect. 54.—There is no salvation to those that believe not in Christ that is, say some, since his nativity, and, as divinity affirmeth before also which makes me much apprehend the end of those honest worthies and philosophers which died before his incarnation. It is hard to place those souls in hell whose worthy lives do teach us virtue on earth. Methinks, among those many subdivisions of hell there might have been one limbo left for these. What a strange vision will it be to see their poetical fictions converted into verities, and their imagined and fancied furies into real devils ! How strange to them will sound the history of Adam, when they shall suffer for him they never heard of ! When they who derive their genealogy from the gods, shall know they are the unhappy issue of sinful man ! It is an insolent part of reason, to controvert the works of God or question the justice of his proceedings. Could humility teach others, as it hath instructed me, to contwixt the infinite and incomprehensible distance betwixt the Creator and the creature or did we seriously perpend that one simile of St Paul, shall the vessel say

to the potter, why hast thou made me thus?" it would prevent these arrogant disputes of reason nor would we argue the definitive sentence of God, either to heaven or hell. Men that live according to the right rule and law of reason, live but in their own kind, as beasts do in theirs who justly obey the prescript of their nature and therefore cannot reasonably demand a reward of their actions, as only obeying the natural dictates of their reason. It will, therefore, and must, at last appear, that all salvation is through Christ, which verity, I fear these great examples of virtue must confirm and make it good how the perfectest actions of earth have no title or claim unto heaven.

Sect 55 — Nor truly do I think the lives of these or of any other were ever correspondent, or in all points conformable, unto their doctrines. It is evident that Aristotle transgressed the rule of his own ethicks¹¹ the stoicks, that condemn passion and command a man to laugh in Phalaris's¹² bull, could not endure without a groan a fit of the stone or colick. The scepticks that affirmed they knew nothing¹³ even in that opinion confute themselves, and thought they knew more than all the world beside. Diogenes I hold to be the most vain glorious man of his time and more ambitious in refusing all honours than Alexander in rejecting none. Vice

entangle ourselves from this riddle or web of sin. To perfect virtue, as to religion, there is required a *panoplia*, or complete armour, that whilst we lie at close ward against one vice, we lie not open to the vency's of another. And indeed wiser discretions, that have the thread of reason to conduct them, offend without a pardon, whereas under heads may stumble without dishonour. There go so many circumstances to piece up one good action, that it is a lesson to be good, and we are forced to be virtuous by the book. Again, the practice of men holds not an equal pace, yea and often runs counter to their theory, we naturally know what is good, but naturally pursue what is evil. The rhetorick wherewith I persuade another cannot persuade myself. There is a depraved appetite in us, that will with patience hear the learned instructions of reason, but yet perform no further than agrees to its own irregular humour. In brief, we all are monsters, that is, a composition of man and beast wherein we must endeavour to be as the poets fancy that wise man, Chiron, that is, to have the region of man above that of beast, and sense to sit but at the feet of reason. Lastly, I do desire with God that all, but yet affirm with men that few, shall know salvation,—that the bridge is narrow, the passage strait unto life yet those who do confine the church of God either to particular nations, churches, or families, have made it far narrower than our Saviour ever meant it.

Sect 56 —The vulgarity of those judgments that wrap the church of God in Strabo's cloak,¹⁹ and restrain it unto Europe, seem to me as bad geographers as Alexander, who thought he had conquered all the world, when he had not subdued the half of any part thereof. For we cannot deny the church of God both in Asia

and Africa, if we do not forget the peregrinations of the apostles, the deaths of the martyrs, the sessions of many and (even in our reformed judgment) lawful councils, held in those parts in the minority and nonage of ours. Nor must a few differences, more remarkable in the eyes of man than, perhaps, in the judgment of God, excommunicate from heaven one another, much less those Christians who are in a manner all martyrs, maintaining their faith in the noble way of persecution, and serving God in the fire, whereas we honour him in the sunshine.

'Tis true, we all hold there is a number of elect, and many to be saved yet, take our opinions together and from the confusion thereof, there will be no such thing as salvation, nor shall any one be saved for first, the church of Rome condemneth us we likewise them, the sub-reformists and sectaries sentence the doctrine of our church as damnable the atomist, or familist,⁷⁷ re-

sagacity, can hardly divine who shall be saved, which if they could prognostick, their labour were at an end, nor need they compass the earth, seeking whom they may devour. Those who, upon a rigid application of the law, sentence Solomon unto damnation,⁷³ condemn not only him, but themselves, and the whole world, for by the letter and written word of God, we are without exception in the state of death. but there is a prerogative of God, and an arbitrary pleasure above the letter of his own law, by wh

when an humble soul shall contemplate our own unworthiness, she shall meet with many doubts, and suddenly find how little we stand in need of the precept of St Paul, "work out your salvation with fear and trembling" That which is the cause of my election, I hold to be the cause of my salvation which was the mercy and *beneplacit* of God before I was, or the foundation of the world. "Before Abraham was I am" is the saying of Christ, yet is it true in some sense if I say it of myself for I was not only before myself but Adam that is in the idea of God, and the decree of that synod held from all eternity And in this sense, I say, the world was before the creation, and at an end before it had a beginning And thus was I dead before I was alive though my grave be England, my dying place was Paradise and Eve miscarried of me, before she conceived of Cain.

Sect 60.—Insolent zeals that do decry good works and rely only upon faith take not away merit for depending upon the efficacy of their faith, they enforce the condition of God and in a more sophistical way do seem to challenge heaven. It was decreed by God that only those that lapped in the water like dogs should have the honour to destroy the Midianites yet could none of those justly challenge or imagine he deserved that honour thereupon. I do not deny but that true faith, and such as God requires, is not only a mark or token, but also a means of our salvation but, where to find this is as obscure to me as my last end And if our Saviour could object, unto his own disciples an I favourites, a faith that to the quantity of a grain of mustard seed is able to remove mountains surely that which we boast of is not anything or at the most, but a remove from nothing

This is the tenour of my belief, wherein though there be many things singular, and to the humour of my irregular self yet if they square not with maturer judgments I disclaim them and do no further favour them than the learned and best judgments shall authorize them.

PART THE SECOND

Sect 1 — Now for that other virtue of charity, without which faith is a mere notion and of no existence, I have ever endeavoured to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed laws of charity. And if I hold the true anatomy of myself, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue—for I am of a constitution so general that it consorts and sympathizeth with all things. I have no antipathy or rather idiosyncrasy in diet humour air anything. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of frogs snails and toadstools, nor at the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers but being amongst them make them my common viands and I find they agree with my stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a salad gathered in a church yard as well as in a garden. I cannot start at the presence of a serpent, scorpion, lizard, or salamander at the sight of a toad or viper I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in myself those common antipathies that I can discover in others those national repugnances do not touch me nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian Spaniard or Dutch but, where I find their

actions in balance with my countrymen's, I honour, love, and embrace them, in the same degree. I was born in the eighth climate, but seem to be framed and constellated unto all. I am no plant that will not prosper out of a garden. All places, all air, make unto me one country, I am in England everywhere, and under any meridian. I have been shipwrecked, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds, I can study, play, or sleep, in a tempest. In brief I am averse from nothing my conscience would give me the lie if I should say I absolutely detest or hate any essence, but the devil, or so at least abhor anything, but that we might come to composition. If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do contemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reason, virtue, and religion, the multitude, that numerous piece of monstrosity, which, taken asunder, seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God, but, confused together, make but one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra. It is no breach of charity to call these fools, it is the style all holy writers have afforded them, set down by Solomon in canonical Scripture, and a point of our faith to believe so. Neither in the name of multitude do I only include the base and minor sort of people there is a rabble even amongst the gentry, a sort of plebeian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these, men in the same level with mechanicks, though their fortunes do somewhat gild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies. But, as in casting account three or four men together come short in account of one man placed by himself below them, so neither are a troop of these ignorant Doradoes^r of that true esteem and value as many a forlorn person, whose condition doth place him below their feet. Let us speak

like politicians, there is a nobility without heraldry, a natural dignity, whereby one man is ranked with another, another filed before him, according to the quality of his desert, and pre eminence of his good parts. Though the corruption of these times, and the bias of present practice, wheel another way, thus it was in the first and primitive commonwealths, and is yet in the integrity and cradle of well ordered polities till corruption getteth ground,—ruder desires labouring after that which wiser considerations condemn,—every one having a liberty to amass and heap up riches, and they a licence or faculty to do or purchase anything.

Sect. 2.—This general and indifferent temper of mind doth more nearly dispose me to this noble virtue. It is a happiness to be born and framed unto virtue, and to grow up from the seeds of nature, rather than the inoculations and forced grafts of education yet, if we are directed only by our particular natures, and regulate our inclinations by no higher rule than that of our reasons, we are but moralists, divinity will still call us heathens. Therefore this great work of charity must have other motives, ends, and impulsions. I give no alms to satisfy the hunger of my brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the will and command of my God, I draw not my purse for his sake that demands it, but his that enjoined it, I relieve no man upon the rhetorick of his miseries, nor to content mine own commiserating disposition, for this is still but moral charity, and an act that oweth more to passion than reason. He that relieves another upon the bare suggestion and bowels of pity doth not this so much for his sake as for his own, for by compassion we make another's misery our own, and so, by relieving them, we relieve ourselves also. It is as erroneous a conceit to redress other mens

misfortunes upon the common considerations of merciful natures, that it may be one day our own case, for this is a sinister and politick kind of charity, whereby we seem to bespeak the pities of men in the like occasions. And truly I have observed that those professed eleemosynaries, though in a crowd or multitude, do yet direct and place their petitions on a few and selected persons there is surely a physiognomy, which those experienced and master mendicants observe whereby they instantly discover a merciful aspect, and will single out a face wherein they spy the signatures and marks of mercy. For there are mystically in our faces certain characters which carry in them the motto of our souls, wherein he that can read A, B, C, may read our natures. I hold, moreover that there is a phytognomy, or physiognomy, not only of men, but of plants and vegetables and in every one of them some outward figures which hang as signs or bushes of their inward forms. The finger of God hath left an inscription upon all his works not graphical, or compos'd of letters but of their several forms constitutions parts, and operations, which, aptly joined together, do make one word that doth express their natures. By these letters God calls the stars by their names and by this alphabet Adam assigned to every creature a name peculiar to its nature. Now, there are besides these characters in our faces certain mystical figures in our hands, which I dare not call mere dashes, strokes *à la volee* or at random, because delineated by a pencil that never works in vain and hereof I take more particular notice because I carry that in mine own hand which I could never read of nor discover in another. Aristotle, I confess, in his acute and singular book of physiognomy hath made no mention of chiromancy ⁸⁰ yet I believe the Egyptians,

conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection, for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity. In all disputes, so much as there is of passion so much there is of nothing to the purpose, for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controversies are never determined, for, though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled. They do so swell with unnecessary digressions, and the parenthesis on the party is often as large as the main discourse upon the subject. The foundations of religion are already established and the principles of salvation subscribed unto by all. There remain not many controversies worthy a passion, and yet never any dispute without, not only in divinity but inferior arts. What a *βαρανενομαχία* and hot skirmish is betwixt S and T in Lucian!¹² How do grammarians hack and slash for the genitive case in Jupiter!¹³ How do they break their own pates to save that of Priscian!¹⁴ *Staret in terris rideret Democritus*. Yea, even amongst wiser militants, how many wounds have been given and credits slain, for the poor victory of an opinion, or beggarly conquest of a distinction! Scholars are men of peace, they bear no arms but their tongues are sharper than Actius's razor¹⁵ their pens carry farther and give a louder report than thunder. I had rather stand the shock of a basilisk¹⁶ than in the fury of a merciless pen. It is not mere zeal to learning, or devotion to the muses that wiser princes patron the arts and carry an indulgent aspect unto scholars but a desire to have their names eternized by the memory of their writings, and a fear of the revengeful pen of

and it is the privilege of a few to be virtuous. They that endeavour to abolish vice destroy also virtue, for contraries, though they destroy one another, are yet the life of one another. Thus virtue (abolish vice) is an idea. Again, the community of sin doth not disparage goodness, for, when vice gains upon the major part, virtue, in whom it remains, becomes more excellent, and, being lost in some, multiplies its goodness in others, which remain untouched, and persist entire in the general inundation. I can therefore behold vice without a satire, content only with an admonition, or instructive reprehension, for noble natures, and such as are capable of goodness, are railed into vice, that might as easily be admonished into virtue, and we should be all so far the orators of goodness as to protect her from the power of vice, and maintain the cause of injured truth. No man can justly censure or condemn another because, indeed, no man truly knows another. This I perceive in myself, for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud. Those that know me but superficially think less of me than I do of myself, those of my near acquaintance think more, God who truly knows me, knows that I am nothing for he only beholds me, and all the world, who looks not on us through a derived ray, or a trajection of a sensible species, but beholds the substance without the help of accidents, and the forms of things, as we their operations. Further, no man can judge another, because no man knows himself, for we censure others but as they disagree from that humour which we fancy laudable in ourselves, and commend others but for that wherein they seem to quadrate and consent with us. So that in conclusion, all is but that we all condemn, self love. 'Tis the general complaint

of these times, and perhaps of those past, that charity grows cold, which I perceive most verified in those which most do manifest the fires and flames of zeal, for it is a virtue that best agrees with coldest natures, and such as are complexioned for humility. But how shall we expect charity towards others, when we are uncharitable to ourselves? "Charity begins at home" is the voice of the world, yet is every man his greatest enemy, and as it were his own executioner. '*Non occides*' is the commandment of God, yet scarce observed by any man, for I perceive every man is his own Atropos, and lends a hand to cut the thread of his own days. Cain was not therefore the first murderer, but Adam, who brought in death, whereof he beheld the practice an example in his own son Abel, and saw that verified in the experience of another which faith could not persuade him in the theory of himself.

Sect. 5.—There is, I think, no man that apprehends his own miseries less than myself, and no man that so nearly apprehends another's. I could lose an arm without a tear, and with few groans methinks, be quartered into pieces yet can I weep most seriously at a play, and receive with a true passion the counterfeit griefs of those known and professed impostures. It is a barbarous part of inhumanity to add unto any afflicted parties misery or endeavour to multiply in any man a passion whose single nature is already above his patience. This was the greatest affliction of Job, and those oblique expostulations of his friends a deeper injury than the down right blows of the devil. It is not the tears of our own eyes only, but of our friends also that do exhaust the current of our sorrows, which falling into many streams, runs more peaceably, and is contented with a narrower channel. It is an act within

the power of charity, to translate a passion out of one breast into another, and to divide a sorrow almost out of itself, for an affliction, like a dimension, may be so divided as, if not indivisible, at least to become insensible. Now with my friend I desire not to share or participate, but to engross his sorrows, that, by making them mine own, I may more easily discuss them for in mine own reason, and within myself, I can command that which I cannot entreat without myself, and within the circle of another. I have often thought those noble pairs and examples of friendship, not so truly histories of what had been, as fictions of what should be, but I now perceive nothing in them but possibilities, nor anything in the heroic examples of Damon and Pythias, Achilles and Patroclus, which, methinks, upon some grounds, I could not perform within the narrow compass of myself. That a man should lay down his life for his friend seems strange to vulgar affections and such as confine themselves within that worldly principle, "Charity begins at home." For mine own part, I could never remember the relations that I held unto myself, nor the respect that I owe unto my own nature, in the cause of God, my country, and my friends. Next to these three, I do embrace myself. I confess I do not observe that order that the schools ordain our affections,—to love our parents, wives, children and then our friends, for, excepting the injunctions of religion, I do not find in myself such a necessary and indissoluble sympathy to all those of my blood. I hope I do not break the fifth commandment, if I conceive I may love my friend before the nearest of my blood, even those to whom I owe the principles of life. I never yet cast a true affection on a woman, but I have loved my friend, as I do virtue, my soul, my God.

From hence, methinks I do conceive how God loves man, what happiness there is in the love of God. Omitting all other, there are three most mystical unions, two natures in one person, three persons in one nature, one soul in two bodies. For though, indeed, they be really divided yet are they so united, as they seem but one, and make rather a duality than two distinct souls

Sect. 6.—There are wonders in true affection. It is a body of enigmas mysteries, and riddles wherein two so become one as they both become two I love my friend before myself and yet, methinks, I do not love him enough. Some few months hence, my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all. When I am from him, I am dead till I be with him. United souls are not satisfied with embraces but desire to be truly each other which being impossible these desires are infinite and must proceed without a possibility of satisfaction. Another mystery there is in affection, that whom we truly love like our own selves we forget their looks nor can our memory retain the idea of their faces and it is no wonder for they are ourselves and our affection makes their looks our own. This noble affection falls not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are marked for virtue. He that can love his friend with this noble ardour will in a competent degree effect all. Now if we can bring our affections to look beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soul we have found out the true object, not only of friendship but charity and the greatest happiness that we can bequeath the soul is that wherein we all do place our last felicity, salvation which, though it be not in our power to bestow it is in our charity and pious invocations to desire, if not procure and further

I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for myself in particular, without a catalogue for my friends, nor request a happiness wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbour. I never hear the toll of a passing bell, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit. I cannot go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my profession, and call unto God for his soul. I cannot see one say his prayers, but, instead of imitating him, I fall into supplication for him, who perhaps is no more to me than a common nature. And if God hath vouchsafed an ear to my supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessing of mine unknown devotions. To pray for enemies, that is, for their salvation, is no harsh precept, but the practice of our daily and ordinary devotions. I cannot believe the story of the Italian,* our bad wishes and uncharitable desires proceed no further than this life, it is the devil, and the uncharitable votes of hell, that desire our misery in the world to come.

Sect 7 — "To do no injury nor take none" was a principle which, to my former years and impatient affections, seemed to contain enough of morality, but my more settled years, and Christian constitution, have fallen upon severer resolutions. I can hold there is no such thing as injury, that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury. That to hate another is to malign himself, that the truest way to love another is to despise ourselves. I were unjust unto mine own conscience if I should say I am at variance with anything like myself. I find there are many pieces in this one fabrick of man, this frame is raised upon a mass of antipathies. I am one methinks but as the world, wherein notwithstanding

therefore one common and authentick philosophy I learned in the schools, whereby I discourse and satisfy the reason of other men, another more reserved, and drawn from experience, whereby I content mine own. Solomon, that complained of ignorance in the height of knowledge, hath not only humbled my conceits, but discouraged my endevours. There is yet another conceit that hath sometimes made me shut my books, which tells me it is a vanity to waste our days in the blind pursuit of knowledge it is but attending a little longer, and we shall enjoy that, by instinct and infusion, which we endeavour at here by labour and inquisition.

beautiful. I can look a whole day with delight upon a handsome picture, though it be but of an horse. It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony, and sure there is musick, even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a musick where ever there is a harmony, order, or proportion, and thus far we may maintain "the musick of the spheres" for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church musick. For myself, not only from my obedience but my particular genius I do embrace it for even that vulgar and tavern musick which makes one man merry, another mad strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God,—such a melody to the ear

perfect hexameter * I feel not in me those sordid and unchristian desires of my profession, I do not secretly implore and wish for plagues, rejoice at famines, revolve ephemerides and almanacks in expectation of malignant aspects, fatal conjunctions, and eclipses. I rejoice not at unwholesome springs nor unseasonable winters my prayer goes with the husbandman's, I desire everything in its proper season that neither men nor the times be out of temper Let me be sick myself, if sometimes the malady of my patient be not a disease unto me. I desire rather to cure his infirmities than my own necessities. Where I do him no good, methinks it is scarce honest gain, though I.

whose cure not only, but whose nature is unknown,—I can cure the gout or stone in some, sooner than divinity, pride, or avarice in others. I can cure vices by physick when they remain incurable by divinity, and they shall obey my pills when they contemn their precepts. I boast nothing, I ut plainly say, we all labour against our own cure, for death is the cure of all diseases. There is no *catholicon* or universal remedy I know, but this, which though nauseous to queasy stomachs, yet to prepared appetites is nectar, and a pleasant potion of immortality.

Sect 10—For my conversation it is, like the sun, with all men and with a friendly aspect to good and bad. Methinks there is no man bad and the worst best, that is, while they are kept within the circle of those qualities wherein they are good. There is no man's mind of so discordant and jarring a temper, to which a tuneable disposition may not strike a harmony. *Magnæ virtutes nec minora vitia* it is the posyth of the best natures and may be inverted on the worst. There are, in the most depraved and venomous dispositions, certain pieces that remain untouched, which by an *antiperistasis*th become more excellent or by the excellency of their antipathies are able to preserve themselves from the contagion of their enemy vices and persist entire beyond the general corruption. For it is also thus in nature the greatest balsams do lie enveloped in the bodies of the most powerful corrosives. I say moreover and I ground upon experience, that poisons contain within themselves their own antidote, and that which preserves them from the venom of themselves, without which they were not deleterious to others only, but to themselves also. But it is the corruption that I fear within me, not the contagion of

commerce without me. 'Tis that unruly regiment within me, that will destroy me, 'tis I that do infect myself the man without a navel" yet lives in me. I feel that original canker corrode and devour me and therefore, '*Defenda me, Deus, de me!*' "Lord, deliver me from myself!" is a part of my litany, and the first voice of my retired imaginations. There is no man alone, because every man is a microcosm, and carries the whole world about him. "*Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus,*"* though it be the apothegm of a wise man is yet true in the mouth of a fool for indeed, though in a wilderness, a man is never alone, not only because he is with himself, and his own thoughts, but because he is with the devil, who ever consorts with our solitude, and is that unruly rebel that musters up those disordered motions which accompany our sequestered imaginations. And to speak more narrowly, there is no such thing as solitude, nor anything that can be said to be alone, and by itself, but God,—who is his own circle, and can subsist by himself, all others, besides their dissimulary and heterogeneous parts, which in a manner multiply their natures, cannot subsist without the concurrence of God, and the society of that hand which doth uphold their nature. In brief, there can be nothing truly alone, and by its self, which is not truly one, and such is only God all others do transcend an unity, and so by consequence are many

Sect 11—Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate, were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital, and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard as myself, it is the microcosm of my own frame

* '*Chc. de Off.*' l. iii.

that I cast mine eye on for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude, for I am above Atlas's shoulders.* The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of the heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number of the ark do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me, I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am as happy as any. "*Quot calum, fiat voluntas tua,*" salveith all, so that, what soever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content, and what should providence add more? Surely this is it we call happiness, and thus do I enjoy, with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy, as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us, in our dreams, than in our waked senses. Without this I were unhappy, for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend, but my friendly dreams in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my

happy dreams as I do for my good rest, for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness. And surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next as the phantasms of the night, to the conceits of the day. There is an equal delusion in both and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other. We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity, my ascendant was the watery sign of *Scorpio*. I was born in the planetary hour of *Saturn*, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise* of company yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy behold the action apprehend the jests and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams, and this time also would I choose for my devotions but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings that they forget the story and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that which hath passed. Aristotle who hath written a singular tract of sleep hath not, methinks thoroughly defined it nor yet Galen, though he seem to have corrected it for those *noctambulos* and night-walkers though in their sleep do yet enjoy the action of their senses. We must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of *Morpheus* and that those abstracted and

ecstatick souls do walk about in their own corpses, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear, see, and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus it is observed, that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves. For then the soul beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality

Sect 12 — We term sleep a death, and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. 'Tis indeed a part of life that best expresseth death, for every man truly lives, so long as he

vice, as a deplorable piece of madness, to conceive ourselves urnials, or be persuaded that we are dead, is not so ridiculous, nor so many degrees beyond the power of hellebore,¹⁰⁰ as this. The opinions of theory, and positions of men, are not so void of reason, as their practised conclusions. Some have held that snow is black, that the earth moves, that the soul is air, fire, water, but all this is philosophy and there is no delirium, if we do but speculate the *folly and indisputable dotage* of avarice. To that subterraneous idol, and god of the earth, I do confess I am an atheist. I cannot persuade myself to honour that the world adores whatsoever virtue its prepared substance may have within my body, it hath no influence nor operation without. I would not entertain a base design, or an action that should call me villain, for the Indies, and for this only do I love and honour my own soul, and have methinks two arms too few to embrace myself. Aristotle is too severe, that will not allow us to be truly liberal without wealth, and the bountiful hand of fortune, if this be true I must confess I am charitable only in my liberal intentions, and bountiful well wishes. But if the example of the mite be not only an act of wonder, but an example of the noblest charity, surely poor men may also build hospitals, and the rich alone have not erected cathedrals. I have a private method which others observe not. I take the opportunity of myself to do good. I borrow occasion of charity from my own necessities, and supply the wants of others, when I am in most need myself for it is an honest stratagem to take advantage of ourselves, and so to husband the acts of virtue, that, where they are defective in one circumstance, they may repay their want, and multiply their goodness in another. I have not Peru in my desires,

but a competence and ability to perform those good works to which he hath inclined my nature. He is rich who hath enough to be charitable, and it is hard to be so poor that a noble mind may not find a way to this piece of goodness. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." there is more rhetorick in that one sentence than in a library of sermons. And indeed, if those sentences were understood by the reader with the same emphasis as they are delivered by the author, we needed not those volumes of instructions, but might be honest by an epitome. Upon this motive only I cannot behold a beggar without relieving his necessities with my purse, or his soul with my prayers. These scemical and accidental differences between us cannot make me forget that common and untoucht part of us both. there is under these centoes,¹⁰¹ and miserable outsides, those mutilate and semi bodies, a soul of the same alloy with our own, whose genealogy is Gods as

soever conduceth unto this, may, with an easy metaphor, deserve that name, whatsoever else the world terms happiness is, to me, a story out of Pliny, a tale of Boccace or Malizspini, an apparition or neat delusion, wherein there is no more of happiness than the name. Bless me in this life with but the peace of my conscience command of my affections, the love of thyself and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity Caesar! These are, O Lord, the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition, and all I dare call happiness on earth, wherein I set no rule or limit to thy hand or providence, dispose of me according to the wisdom of thy pleasure. Thy will be done, though in my own undoing





HYDRIOTAPHIA.

URN BURIAL OR, A DISCOURSE OF THE SEPULCHREAL URNS
LATELY FOUND IN NORFOLK.





TO MY WORTHY AND HONOURED FRIEND,

THOMAS LE GROS,
OF CROSTWICK, ESQUIRE.

We were hunted by the occasion, not caught the opportunity to write of old things, or intrude upon the antiquary. We are coldly drawn unto discourses of antiquities, who have scarce time before us to comprehend new things, or make out learned novelties. But seeing they arose, as they lay almost in silence among us, at least in short account suddenly passed over, we were very unwilling they should die again, and be buried twice among us.

Beside, to preserve the living, and make the dead to live, to keep men out of their urns, and discourse of human fragments in them, is not impertinent unto our profession, whose study is life and death, who daily behold examples of mortality, and of all men least need artificial mementos, or coffins by our bedside, to mune us of our graves.

'Tis time to observe occurrences, and let nothing remarkable escape us the supinuity of elder days hath left so much in silence, or time hath so martyred the records, that the most industrious heads do find no easy work to erect a new Britannia.

'Tis opportune to look back upon old times, and contemplate our forefathers. Great examples grow thin, and to be fetched from the passed world. Simplicity flies away, and iniquity comes at long strides upon us. We have enough to do to make up ourselves from present and passed times, and the whole stage of things scarce serveth for our instruction. A complete piece of virtue must be made from the Centos of all ages, as all the beauties of Greece could make but one handsome Venus.

When the bones of King Arthur were digged up,* the old race might think they beheld therein some originals

* In the time of Henry the Second.



HYDRIOTAPHIA.

CHAPTER I

IN the deep discovery of the subterranean world a shallow part would satisfy some inquirers, who, if two or three yards were open about the surface, would not care to rake the bowels of Potosi,* and regions towards the centre. Nature hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties, which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. That great antiquity America lay buried for thousands of years, and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us.

Though if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them, not affecting the graves of giants, under

* The rich mountain of Peru

hully and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them. Even such as hope to rise again, would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their relicks as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again, which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts, which they never beheld themselves.

Though earth hath engrossed the name, yet water hath proved the smartest grave which in forty days swallowed almost mankind, and the living creation fishes not wholly escaping, except the salt ocean were handsomely contempered by a mixture of the fresh

Theban war, and solemn combustion of Menecena, and Archemorus contemporary unto Jair the eighth judge of Israel. Confirmable also among the Trojans, from the funeral pyre of Hector, burnt before the gates of Troy and the burning of Penthesilea the Amazonian queen and long continuance of that practice, in the inward countries of Asia while as low as the reign of Julian, we find that the king of Chuonia* burnt the body of his son, and interred the ashes in a silver urn.

The same practice extended also far west, and besides Herulians, Getes, and Thracians, was in use with most of the Celtae, Sarmatians, Germans, Gauls, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, not to omit some use thereof among Carthaginians and Americans. Of greater antiquity among the Romans than most opinion, or Pliny seems to allow for (beside the old table laws † of burning or burying within the city, of making the funeral fire with planed wood, or quenching the fire with wine), Manlius the consul burnt the body of his son Numa, by special clause of his will, was not burnt but buried, and Remus was solemnly burned, according to the description of Ovid ‡

terment. Now as all customs were founded upon some bottom of reason, so there wanted not grounds for this, according to several apprehensions of the most rational dissolution. Some being of the opinion of Thales, that water was the original of all things, thought it most equal ¹ to submit unto the principle of putrefaction, and conclude in a most relentment.² Others conceived it most natural to end in fire, as due unto the master principle in the composition, according to the doctrine of Heraclitus, and therefore heaped up large piles, more actively to waft them toward that element, whereby they also declined a visible degeneration into worms, and left a lasting parcel of their composition.

Some apprehended a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser commixture and firing out the æthereal particles so deeply immersed in it. And such as by tradition or rational conjecture held any hint of the final pyre of all things or that this element at last must be too hard for all the rest might conceive most naturally of the fiery dissolution. Others pretending no natural grounds, politically declined the malice of enemies upon their buried bodies. Which consideration led Sylla unto this practice who having thus served the body of Marius, could not but fear a retaliation upon his own entertained after in the civil wars, and revengeful contentions of Rome.

But as many nations embraced and many left it in different, so others too much affected or strictly declined this practice. The Indian Brachmans seemed too great friends unto fire, who burnt themselves alive and thought it the noblest way to end their days in fire according to the expression of the Indian, burning himself at Athens, in his last words upon the pyre

practice. For the men of Jabesh burnt the body of Saul, and by no prohibited practice, to avoid contagion or pollution, in time of pestilence, burnt the bodies of their friends.* And when they burnt not their dead bodies, yet sometimes used great burnings near and about them, deducible from the expressions concerning Jehoram, Zedechias, and the sumptuous pyre of Asa. And were so little averse from Pagan burning, that the Jews lamenting the death of Cæsar their friend, and revenger on Pompey, frequented the place where his body was burnt for many nights together. And as they raised noble monuments and mausoleums for their own nation† so they were not scrupulous in erecting some for others, according to the practice of Daniel, who left that lasting sepulchral pile in Ecbatana, for the Median and Persian kings.‡

But even in times of subjection and hottest use, they conformed not unto the Roman practice of burning, whereby the prophecy was secured concerning the body of Christ, that it should not see corruption, or a bone should not be broken, which we believe was also providentially prevented, from the soldier's spear and nails that passed by the little bones both in his hands and feet, not of ordinary contrivance, that it should not corrupt on the cross, according to the laws of Roman crucifixion or an hair of his head perish, though observable in Jewish customs, to cut the hair of male factors.

* Amos vi 10

† As in that magnificent sepulchral monument erected by Simon.—1 Macc. xiii

‡ *κατασκευασμα θανασιων νεκρων*, whereof a Jewish priest had always custody until Josephus days.—*Jos Antig*, lib. x.

Nor in their long cohabitation with Egyptians, crept into a custom of their exact embalming wherein deeply slashing the muscles, and taking out the brains and entrails, they had broken the subject of so entire a resurrection, nor fully answered the types of Enoch Elijah, or Jonah, which yet to prevent or restore was of equal facility unto that rising power able to break the fasciations and bands of death, to get clear out of the cerecloth, and an hundred pounds of ointment and out of the sepulchre before the stone was rolled from it.

But though they embraced not this practice of burning yet entertained they many ceremonies agreeable unto Greek and Roman obsequies. And he that observeth their funeral feasts their lamentations at the grave, their music, and weeping mourners how they closed the eyes of their friends how they washed anointed and kissed the dead may easily conclude these were not mere Pagan civilities. But whether that mournful burthen, and treble calling out after Absalom had any reference unto the last conclamation and triple valediction used by other nations we hold but a wavering conjecture.

Civilians make sepulture but of the law of nation. others do naturally find it and discover it also in animals. They that are so thick skinned as still to credit the story of the Phoenix, may say something for animal burning. More serious conjectures find some examples of sepulture in elephants, cranes, the sepulchral cells of pismires, and practice of bees,—which civil society carrieth out their dead and hath exequies if not interments.

CHAPTER II

THE solemnities, ceremonies, rites of their cremation or interment, so solemnly delivered by authors, we shall not disparage our reader to repeat. Only the last and lasting part in their urns, collected bones and ashes, we cannot wholly omit or decline that subject, which occasion lately presented, in some discovered among us

In a field of Old Walsingham, not many months past, were dugged up between forty and fifty urns, deposited in a dry and sandy soil, not a yard deep, nor far from one another—Not all strictly of one figure, but most answering these described, some containing two pounds of bones, distinguishable in skulls, ribs, jaws, thigh bones, and teeth, with fresh impressions of their combustion, besides the extraneous substances, like pieces of small boxes, or combs handsomely wrought, handles of small brass instruments, brazen nippers, and in one some kind of opal.

Near the same plot of ground, for about six yards compass, were dugged up coals and incinerated substances, which begat conjecture that this was the *ustrina* or place of burning their bodies, or some sacrificing place unto the *Manes*, which was properly below the surface of the ground, as the *are* and altars unto the gods and heroes above it.

That these were the urns of Romans from the common custom and place where they were found, is no obscure conjecture not far from a Roman garrison, and but five miles from Brancaster, set down by ancient record under the name of *Brancodunum*. And where the adjoining

town, containing seven parishes, in no very different sound, but Saxon termination, still retains the name of Burnham, which being an early station, it is not improbable the neighbour parts were filled with habitations, either of Romans themselves, or Britons Romanized which observed the Roman customs.

Nor is it improbable, that the Romans early possessed this country. For though we meet not with such strict particulars of these parts before the new institution of Constantine and military charge of the count of the Saxon shore, and that about the Saxon invasions, the Dalmatian horsemen were in the garrison of Drancaster, yet in the time of Claudius, Vespasian and Severus, we find no less than three legions dispersed through the province of Britain. And as high as the reign of Claudius a great overthrow was given unto the Iceni, by the Roman lieutenant Ostorius. Not long after, the country was so molested, that, in hope of a better state, Prastangus bequeathed his kingdom unto Nero and his daughters, and Boadicea, his queen fought the last decisive battle with Paulinus. After which time, and conquest of Agricola, the lieutenant of Vespasian probable it is, they wholly possessed this country ordering it into garrisons or habitations best suitable with their securities. And so some Roman habitations not improbable in these parts, as high as the time of Vespasian, where the Saxons after seated in whose thin filled maps we yet find the name of Walsingham. Now if the Iceni were but Gammaduna, Anconians, or men that lived in an angle, wedge, or elbow of Britain according to the original etymology this country will challenge the emphatical appellation, as most properly making the elbow or *iken* of Icenia.

That Britain was notably populous is undeniable from

that expression of Cæsar * That the Romans themselves were early in no small numbers—seventy thousand, with their associates, slain, by Boadicea, affords a sure account. And though not many Roman habitations are now known, yet some, by old works, rampiers, coins, and urns, do testify their possessions. Some urns have been found at Castor, some also about Southcreak, and, not many years past, no less than ten in a field at Barton, not near any recorded garnison. Nor is it strange to find Roman coins of copper and silver among us, of Vespasian, Trajan, Adrian, Commodus, Antoninus, Severus, &c., but the greater number of Dioclesian, Constantine, Constans, Valens, with many of Victorinus Posthumus, Tetricus, and the thirty tyrants in the reign of Gallienus, and some as high as Adrianus have been found about Thetford, or Sitomagua, mentioned in the *Itinerary* of Antoninus, as the way from Venta or Castor unto London. But the most frequent discovery is made at the two Castors by Norwich and Yarmouth at Burghcastle, and Brancaster

Besides the Norman Saxon, and Danish pieces of Guthred, Canutus, William, Matilda, and others, some British coins of gold have been dispersedly found, and no small number of silver pieces near Norwich with a rude head upon the obverse, and an ill formed horse on the reverse, with inscriptions *Id. Duro T*, whether implying Iceni, Durotriges, Tascia, or Trinobantes, we leave to his/her conjecture. Vulgar chronology will have Norwich Castle as old as Julius Cæsar, but his distance from these parts, and its Gothick form of structure, abridgeth such antiquity. The British coins afford conjecture of early habitation in these parts,

* “*Hominum infinita multitudo est creberrimæque, ædificia fere Gallis consumula.*”—*Cæsar de Bello. Gal., lib. 7*

though the city of Norwich arose from the ruins of Venta, and though, perhaps, not without some habitation before, was enlarged, builded and nominated by the Saxons. In what bulk or populosity it stood in the old East Angle monarchy tradition and history are silent. Considerable it was in the Danish eruptions, when Sueno burnt Thetford and Norwich, and Ulstetel, the governor thereof was able to make some resistance, and after endeavoured to burn the Danish navy.

How the Romans left so many coins in countries of their conquests seems of hard resolution, except we consider how they buried them under ground when, upon barbarous invasions, they were fain to desert the habitations in most part of their empire, and the strictness of their laws forbidding to transfer them to any other uses wherein the Spartans were singular who, to make their copper money useless, contempered it with vinegar. That the Britons left any some wonder since their money was iron and iron rings before Cæsar, and those of after-stamp by permission and but small in bulk and bigness. That so few of the Saxons remain, because, overcome by succeeding conquerors upon the

conquests in these and other parts, as testified by history and medal inscription yet extant the province of Britain, in so divided a distance from Rome, beholding the faces of many imperial persons, and in large account, no fewer than Cæsar, Claudius, Britannicus, Vespasian, Titus, Adrian, Severus, Commodus, Geta, and Caracalla.

A great obscurity herein, because no medal or emperor's coin enclosed, which might denote the date of their interments, observable in many urns, and found in those of Spitalfields, by London, which contained the coins of Claudius, Vespasian, Commodus, Antoninus, attended with lacrymatones, lamps, bottles of liquor, and other appurtenances of affectionate superstition, which in these rural interments were wanting.

Some uncertainty there is from the period or term of burning or the cessation of that practice. Macrobius affirmeth it was disused in his days, but most agree, though without authentic record, that it ceased with the Antonini,—most safely to be understood after the reign of those emperors which assumed the name of Antoninus, extending unto Helioabalus. Not strictly after Marcus, for about fifty years later, we find the magnificent burning and consecration of Servus, and, if we so fix this period or cessation, these urns will challenge above thirteen hundred years.

But whether this practice was only then left by emperors and great persons, or generally about Rome, and not in other provinces, we hold no authentic account, for after Tertullian, in the days of Minucius, it was obviously objected upon Christians, that they condemned the practice of burning.* And we find a pass-

* *Excrantur rogos et damnant ignem sepulturam*.—*Min*
in Oct

age in Sidonius, which asserteth that practice in France unto a lower account. And, perhaps, not fully disused till Christianity fully established, which gave the final extinction to these sepulchral bonfires.

Whether they were the bones of men, or women, or children, no authentic decision from ancient custom in distinct places of burial. Although not improbably conjectured, that the double sepulture, or burying place of Abraham, had in it such intention. But from exility of bones, thinness of skulls, smallness of teeth, ribs, and thigh bones, not improbable that many thereof were persons of minor age, or woman. Confirmable also from things contained in them. In most were found substances resembling combs, plates like boxes, fastened with iron pins, and handsomely overwrought like the

Pharamond, casually discovered three years past at Tournay, restoring unto the world much gold richly adorning his sword, two hundred rubies, many hundred imperial coins, three hundred golden bees, the bones and horse-shoes of his horse interred with him, according to the barbarous magnificence of those days in their sepulchral obsequies. Although, if we steer by the conjecture of many a Septuagint expression, some trace thereof may be found even with the ancient Hebrews, not only from the sepulchral treasure of David, but the circumcision knives which Joshua also buried.

Some men, considering the contents of these urns, lasting pieces and toys included in them, and the custom of burning with many other nations, might somewhat doubt whether all urns found among us, were properly Roman relics, or some not belonging unto our British,

Gallia, Cæsar expressly delivereth. Whether the Britons (probably descended from them, of like religion, language, and manners) did not sometimes make use of burning or whether at least such as were after civilized unto the Roman life and manners, conformed not unto this practice, we have no historical assertion or denial. But since, from the account of Tacitus, the Romans early wrought so much civility upon the British stock, that they brought them to build temples, to wear the gown, and study the Roman laws and language, that they conformed also unto their religious rites and customs in burials, seems no improbable conjecture.

That burning the dead was used in Sarmatia is affirmed by Gaguinus that the Sueons and Gathlanders used to burn their princes and great persons, is delivered by Saxo and Olaus that this was the old German practice is also asserted by Tacitus. And though we are bare in historical particulars of such obsequies in this island or that the Saxons, Jutes and Angles burnt their dead yet came they from parts where twas of ancient practice the Germans using it, from whom they were descended. And even in Jutland and Sleswick in Anglia Cymbrica, urns with bones were found not many years before us

But the Danish and northern nations have raised an era or point of compute from their custom of burning their dead some deriving it from Vagnus, some from Frotho the great, who ordained by law that princes and chief commanders should be committed unto the fire though the common sort had the common grave inter

before Christianity, or upon their conversion, by Augustus the Gaul, in the time of Ludovicus Pius, the son of Charles the Great, according to good computes, or whether it might not be used by some persons, while for an hundred and eighty years Paganism and Christianity were promiscuously embraced among them, there is no assured conclusion. About which times the Danes were busy in England, and particularly infested this country, where many castles and strongholds were built by them, or against them, and great number of names and families still derived from them. But since this custom was probably disused before their invasion or conquest, and the Romans confessedly practised the same since their possession of this island, the most assured account will fall upon the Romans, or Britons

at Ashbury * containing mighty bones, and a buckler what those large urns found at Little Massingham † or why the Anglesea urns are placed with their mouths downward, remains yet undiscovered.

CHAPTER III.

PLASTERED and whitened sepulchres were anciently affected in cadaverous and corrupted burials and the rigid Jews were wont to garnish the sepulchres of the righteous.‡ Ulysses, in Hecuba, cared not how meanly he lived so he might find a noble tomb after death.§ Great princes affected great monuments and the fair and larger urns contained no vulgar ashes, which makes that disparity in those which time discovereth among us. The present urns were not of one capacity the largest containing above a gallon, some not much above half that measure nor all of one figure, whereon there is no strict conformity in the same or different countries observable from those represented by Casahus, Bos o, and others, though all found in Italy while many have handles ears, and long necks, but most imitate a circular figure, in a spherical and round composure whether from any mystery best duration or capacity

which begat some doubt, whether they were burnt, or only baked in oven or sun, according to the ancient way, in many bricks, tiles, pots, and testaceous works, and, as the word *testa* is properly to be taken, when occurring without addition and chiefly intended by Pliny, when he commendeth bricks and tiles of two years old, and to make them in the spring. Nor only these concealed pieces, but the open magnificence of antiquity, ran much in the artifice of clay. Hereof the house of Mausolus was built, thus old Jupiter stood in the Capitol, and the statua of Hercules, made in the reign of Tarquinus Priscus, was extant in Pliny's days. And such as declined burning or funeral urns, affected coffins of clay, according to the mode of Pythagoras, a way preferred by Varro. But the spirit of great ones was above these circumscriptions, affecting copper, silver, gold, and porphyry urns, wherein Severus lay, after a serious view and sentence on that which should contain him.* * Some of these urns were thought to have been silvered over, from sparklings in several pots, with small tinsel parcels, uncertain whether from the earth, or the first mixture in them.

Among these urns we could obtain no good account of their coverings, only one seemed arched over with some kind of brickwork. Of those found at Buxton, some were covered with flints, some, in other parts, with tiles. Those at Yarmouth Caster were closed with Roman bricks, and some have proper earthen covers adapted and fitted to them. But in the Homeric urn of Patroclus, whatever was the solid tegument, we find the immediate covering to be a purple piece of silk and such as had no covers might have the earth closely

* "Τυφάριον τὸν ἀνθρώπου, δι' ἣ ἀκαυμένην αὐτὴν ἐχέουσιν" —
Dion.

to be wood , but, sinking in water, and tried by the fire, we found them to be bone or ivory . In their hardness and yellow colour they most resembled box, which, in old expressions, found the epithet of eternal and perhaps in such conservatories might have passed uncorrupted.

That bay leaves were found green in the tomb of S Humbert, after an hundred and fifty years, was looked upon as miraculous . Remarkable it was unto old spectators, that the cypress of the temple of Diana lasted so many hundred years . The wood of the ark, and olive-rod of Aaron, were older at the captivity , but the cypress of the ark of Noah was the greatest vegetable of antiquity, if Josephus were not deceived by some fragments of it in his days . to omit the moor logs and fir trees found underground in many parts of England , the undated ruins of winds, floods, or earthquakes, and which in Flanders still show from what quarter they fell, as generally lying in a north east position.

But though we found not these pieces to be wood, according to first apprehensions, yet we missed not altogether of some woody substance , for the bones were not so clearly picked but some coals were found amongst them , a way to make wood perpetual, and a fit associate for metal whereon was laid the foundation of the great Ephesian temple, and which were made the lasting tests of old boundaries and landmarks . Whilst we look on these, we admire not observations of coals found fresh after four hundred years . In a long-deserted habitation even egg shells have been found fresh, not tending to corruption.

In the monument of King Childerick the iron relics were found all rusty and crumbling into pieces , but

our little iron pins, which fastened the ivory works, held well together and lost not their magnetical quality though wanting a tenacious moisture for the firmer union of parts although it be hardly drawn into fusion, yet that metal soon submitteth unto rust and dissolution. In the brazen pieces we admired not the duration, but the freedom from rust, and all savour upon the hardest attrition but now exposed unto the piercing atoms of air in the space of a few months, they begin to spot and betray their green entrails. We conceive not these urns to have descended thus naked as they appear or to have entered their graves without the old habit of flowers. The urn of Philopœmen was so laden with flowers and ribbons that it afforded no sight of itself. The rigid Lycurgus allowed olive and myrtle. The Athenians might fairly except against the practice of Democritus, to be buried up in honey as fearing to embezzle a great commodity of their country and the best of that kind in Europe. But Plato seemed too frugally politick, who allowed no larger monument than would contain four heroic verses and deserv'd

theatre, according to the custom in notable malefactors,* whereas Nero seemed not so much to fear his death as that his head should be cut off and his body not burnt entire.

Some, finding many fragments of skulls in these urns, suspected a mixture of bones, in none we searched was there cause of such conjecture, though sometimes they declined not that practice—The ashes of Domitian were mingled with those of Julia, of Achilles with those of Patroclus. All urns contained not single ashes, without confused burnings they affectionately compounded their bones, passionately endeavouring to continue their living unions. And when distance of death denied such conjunctions, unsatisfied affections conceived some satisfaction to be neighbours in the grave, to lie urn by urn, and touch but in their manes. And many were so curious to continue their living relations, that they contrived large and family urns, wherein the ashes of their nearest friends and kindred might successively be received, at least some parcels thereof, while their collateral memorials lay in minor vessels about them.

Antiquity held too light thoughts from objects of mortality, while some drew provocatives of mirth from anatomies,† and jugglers showed tricks with skeletons. When fiddlers made not so pleasant mirth as fencers, and men could sit with quiet stomachs, while hanging was played before them.‡ Old considerations made few

* "In amphitheatro semustulandum."—*Suetonius Vita*.

† "Sic erimus cuncti, ergo dum vivimus vivamus."

‡ Ἀγέρον παίζων A barbarous pastime at feasts, when men stood upon a rolling globe, with their necks in a rope and a knife in their hands, ready to cut it when the stone was

mementos by skulls and bones upon their monuments. In the Egyptian obelisks and hieroglyphical figures it is not easy to meet with bones. The sepulchral lamps speak nothing less than sepulture, and in their literal draughts prove often obscene and antick pieces. Where we find *D M ** it is obvious to meet with sacrificing *pateras* and vessels of libation upon old sepulchral monuments. In the Jewish hypogæum and subterranean cell at Rome, was little observable beside the variety of lamps and frequent draughts of the holy candle-stick. In authentick draughts of Anthony and Jerome we meet with thigh bones and death's-heads, but the cemeterial cells of ancient Christians and martyrs were filled with draughts of Scripture stories; not declining the flourishes of cypress, palma, and olive, and the mystical figures of peacocks, doves, and cocks, but iterately affecting the portraits of Enoch, Lazarus, Jonas, and the vision of Ezekiel, as hopeful draughts, and hunting imagery of the resurrection, which is the life of the grave, and sweetens our habitations in the land of moles and pismires.

Gentile inscriptions precisely delivered the extent of men's lives, seldom the manner of their deaths, which history itself so often leaves obscure in the records of memorable persons. There is scarce any philosopher but dies twice or thrice in Laertius, nor almost any life without two or three deaths in Plutarch, which makes the tragical ends of noble persons more favourably represented by compassionate readers who find some relief in the election of such differences.

The certainty of death is attended with uncertainties, rolled away, wherein, if they failed, they lost their lives, to the laughter of their spectators.

* *Dus manibus.*

in time, manner, places The variety of monuments hath often obscured true graves; and cenotaphs confounded sepulchres For beside their real tombs, many have found honorary and empty sepulchres. The variety of Homer's monuments made him of various countries Euripides had his tomb in Africa, but his sepulture in Macedonia. And Severus found his real sepulchre in Rome, but his empty grave in Gallia.

He that lay in a golden urn eminently above the earth, was not like to find the quæst of his bones. Many of these urns were broke by a vulgar discoverer in hope of enclosed treasure The ashes of Marcellus were lost above ground, upon the like account. Where profit hath prompted, no age hath wanted such minera. For which the most barbarous expulators found the most civil rhetoric. Gold once out of the earth is no more due unto it, what was unreasonably committed to the ground, is reasonably resumed from it, let monuments and rich fabricks, not riches, adorn men's ashes The commerce of the living is not to be transferred unto the dead, it is not injustice to take that which none complains to lose, and no man is wronged where no man is possessor

What virtue yet sleeps in this *terra damnata* and aged cinders, were petty magic to experiment. These crumbling reliicks and long fired particles superannuate such expectations, bones, hairs, nails, and teeth of the dead, were the treasures of old sorcerers In vain we revive such practices, present superstition too visibly perpetuates the folly of our forefathers, wherein unto old observation this island was so complete, that it might have instructed Persia.

Plato's historian of the other world lies twelve days incorrupted, while his soul was viewing the large stations

of the dead. How to keep the corpse seven days from corruption by anointing and washing, without exenteration, were an hazardable piece of art, in our choicest practice. How they made distinct separation of bones and ashes from fiery admixture, hath found no historical solution, though they seemed to make a distinct collection and overlooked not *Pyrrhus his toe*. Some provision they might make by fictile vessels, coverings, tiles, or flat stones, upon and about the body (and in the same field, not far from these urns, many stones were found underground), as also by careful separation of extraneous matter composing and raking up the burnt bones with forks, observable in that notable lamp of *Galvanus Martianus*, who had the sight of the *vas utrinum* or vessel wherein they burnt the dead, found in the *Esquiline field* at Rome, might have afforded clearer solution. But their insatisfaction herein legat that remarkable invention in the funeral pyres of some

Some bones make best skeletons, some bodies quick and speediest ashes. Who would expect a quick flame from hydropical Heracitus? The poisoned soldier when his belly brake, put out two pyres in Plutarch. But in the plague of Athens, one private pyre served two or three intruders, and the Saracens burnt in large heaps, by the king of Castile, showed how little fuel sufficeth. Though the funeral pyre of Patroclus took up an hundred foot,* a piece of an old boat burnt Pompey, and if the burthen of Isaac were sufficient for an holocaust, a man may carry his own pyre.

From animals are drawn good burning lights, and good medicines against burning. Though the seminal humour seems of a contrary nature to fire, yet the body completed proves a combustible lamp, wherein fire finds flame even from bones, and some fuel almost from all parts, though the metropolis of humidity† seems least disposed unto it, which might render the skulls of these urns less burned than other bones. But all flies or sinks before fire almost in all bodies. When the common ligament is dissolved the attenuable parts ascend, the rest subside in coal, calx, or ashes.

To burn the bones of the king of Edom for lime,‡ seems no irrational ferity but to drink of the ashes of dead relations § a passionate prodigality. He that hath the ashes of his friend, hath an everlasting treasure where fire taketh leave, corruption slowly enters. In bones well burnt, fire makes a wall against itself, experimented in Copels,§ and tests of metals, which consist of such ingredients. What the sun compoundeth, fire analyzeth, not transmuteth. That de-

* "Εκυρῆμενον τρεῖς ἡ τρεῖς."

† The Brain. *Hippocrates*

‡ Amos ii. 1

§ As Artemina of her husband Mausolus

young agent leaves almost always a morsel for the earth, whereof all things are but a colony, and which, if time permits, the *mother element* will have in their primitive mass again.

He that looks for urns and old sepulchral relics, must not seek them in the ruins of temples where no religion anciently placed them. These were found in a field according to ancient custom, in noble or private burial the old practice of the Canaanites the family of Abraham, and the burying place of Joshua, in the borders of his possessions, and also agreeable unto Roman practice to bury by highways, whereby their monuments were under eye —memorials of themselves, and mementoes of mortality unto living passengers whom the epitaphs of great ones were fain to beg to stay and look upon them —a language though sometimes used, not so proper in church inscriptions.* The sensible rhetorick of the dead to exemplarity of good life, first admitted to the bones of pious men and martyrs within

of our Saviour That he was crucified with his face toward the west, we will not contend with tradition and probable account ; but we applaud not the hand of the painter, in exalting his cross so high above those on either side since hereof we find no authentic account in history, and even the crosses found by Helena, pretend no such distinction from longitude or dimension.

To be knav'd out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations escaped in burning burials.

Urnal interments and burnt relics lie not in fear of worms, or to be an heritage for serpents. In carnal sepulture, corruptions seem peculiar unto parts, and some speak of snakes out of the spinal marrow But while we suppose common worms in graves, 'tis not easy to find any there, few in churchyards above a foot deep, fewer or none in churches though in fresh decayed bodies Teeth, bones, and hair, give the most lasting defiance to corruption In an hydropical body, ten years buried in the churchyard, we met with a fat concretion, where the nitre of the earth, and the salt and luxuriant liquor of the body, had coagulated large lumps of fat into the consistence of the hardest Castile soap, whereof part remaineth with us.* After a battle with the Persians, the Roman corpses decayed in few days, while the Persian bodies remained dry and uncorrupted. Bodies in the same ground do not uniformly dissolve, nor bones equally moulder, whereof in the opprobrious disease, we expect no long duration. The body of the Marquis of Dorset* seemed sound and handsomely care-clothed, that after seventy-eight years was found uncor-

* Who was buried in 1530 and dug up in 1608, and found perfect like an ordinary corpse newly interred

rupted. Common tombs preserve not beyond powder a firmer consistence and compage of parts might be expected from arefaction, deep burial, or charcoal. The greatest antiquities of mortal bodies may remain in putrefied bones, whereof, though we take not in the pillar of Lot's wife, or metamorphosis of Ortelius, some may be older than pyramids, in the putrefied reliicks of the general inundation. When Alexander opened the tomb of Cyrus, the remaining bones discovered his proportion, whereof urnal fragments afford but a bad conjecture, and have this disadvantage of grave interments, that they leave us ignorant of most personal discoveries. For since bones afford not only rectitude and stability but figure unto the body, it is no impossible

which subdueth all things unto itself, that can resume the scattered atoms, or identify out of anything, conceive it superfluous to expect a resurrection out of reliicks but the soul subsisting other matter, clothed with due accidents, may salve the individuality Yet the saints, we observe, arose from graves and monuments about the holy city Some think the ancient patriarchs so earnestly desired to lay their bones in Canaan, as hoping to make a part of that resurrection, and, though thirty miles from Mount Calvary, at least to lie in that region which should produce the first-fruits of the dead. And if according to learned conjecture, the bodies of men shall rise where their greatest reliicks remain, many are not like to err in the topography of their resurrection, though their bones or bodies be after translated by angels into the field of Ezekiel's vision, or as some will order it, into the valley of judgment, or Jehosaphat.

CHAPTER IV

CHRISTIANS have handsomely glossed the deformity of death by careful consideration of the body, and civil rites which take off brutal terminations and though they conceived all reparable by a resurrection, cast not off all care of interment. And since the ashes of sacrifices burnt upon the altar of God were carefully carried out by the priests, and deposited in a clean field, since they acknowledged their bodies to be the lodging of Christ, and temples of the Holy Ghost, they devolved not all upon the sufficiency of soul-existence, and therefore with long services and full solemnities, concluded their

last exequies, wherein to all distinctions the Greek devotion seems most pathetically ceremonious.

Christian invention hath chiefly driven at rites, which speak hopes of another life, and hints of a resurrection. And if the ancient Gentiles held not the immortality of their better part, and some subsistence after death, in several rites, customs, actions, and expressions, they contradicted their own opinions wherein Democritus went high, even to the thought of a resurrection, as scoffingly recorded by Pliny.* What can be more express than the expression of Phocylides † Or who would expect from Lucretius ‡ a sentence of Ecclesiastes ! Before Plato could speak, the soul had wings in Homer, which fell not, but flew out of the body into the mansions of the dead ; who also observed that handsome distinction of Demas and Soma, for the body conjoined to the soul, and body separated from it. Lucian spoke much truth in jest, when he said that part of Hercules which proceeded from Alcmena perished, that from Jupiter remained immortal. Thus Socrates was content that his friends should bury his body, so they would not think they buried Socrates, and, regarding only his immortal part, was indifferent to be burnt or buried. From such considerations, Diogenes might condemn sepulture, and, being satisfied that the soul could not perish, grow careless of corporal interment. The Stoicks, who thought the souls of wise men had

their habitation about the moon, might make slight account of subterraneous deposition, whereas the Pythagoreans and transcorporating philosophers, who were to be often buried, held great care of their interment. And the Platonicks rejected not a due care of the grave, though they put their ashes to unreasonable expectations, in their tedious term of return and long set revolution.

Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs, and, since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an account or rational of old rites requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre averse, or turning their face from it, was an handsome symbol of unwilling ministration. That they washed their bones with wine and milk, that the mother wrapped them in linen, and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part and place of their nourishment, that they opened their eyes towards heaven before they kindled the fire, as the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction,* thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little, if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body. That, in strewing their tombs, the

leaves resume their verdure again ; which, if we mistake not, we have also observed in *farze*. Whether the planting of yew in churchyards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection, from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture.

They made use of musick to excite or quiet the affections of their friends, according to different harmonies. But the secret and symbolical hint was the harmonical nature of the soul, which, delivered from the body, went again to enjoy the primitive harmony of heaven, from whence it first descended ; which, according to its progress traced by antiquity, came

feet forward, not inconsonant unto reason, as contrary unto the native posture of man, and his production first into it, and also agreeable unto their opinions, while they bid adieu unto the world, not to look again upon it, whereas Mahometans who think to return to a delightful life again, are carried forth with their heads forward, and looking toward their houses

They closed their eyes, as parts which first die, or first discover the sad effects of death. But their iterated clamations to excitate their dying or dead friends, or revoke them unto life again was a vanity of affection, as not presumably ignorant of the critical tests of death, by apposition of feathers, glasses, and reflection of figures, which dead eyes represent not which, however not strictly verifiable in fresh and warm *cadavers* could hardly elude the test, in corpses of four or five days

That they sucked in the last breath of their expiring friends, was surely a practice of no medical institution, but a loose opinion that the soul passed out that way, and a fondness of affection, from some Pythagonical foundation, that the spirit of one body passed into another, which they wished might be their own.

That they poured oil upon the pyre, was a tolerable practice, while the intention rested in facilitating the ascension. But to place good omens in the quick and speedy burning, to sacrifice unto the winds for a despatch in this office, was a low form of superstition.

The archimime or jester, attending the funeral train, and imitating the speeches, gesture and manners of the deceased, was too light for such solemnities, contradicting their funeral orations and doleful rites of the grave.

That they buried a piece of money with them as a fee of the *Elysian ferryman*, was a practice full of folly But the ancient custom of placing coins in considerable urns, and the present practice of burying medals in the noble foundations of Europe, are laudable ways of historical discoveries, in actions, persons, chronologies, and posterity will applaud them.

We examine not the old laws of sepulture, exempting certain persons from burial or burning But hereby we apprehend that these were not the bones of persons planet-struck or burnt with fire from heaven, no relicts of traitors to their country, self killers, or sacrilegious malefactors, persons in old apprehension unworthy of the earth, condemned unto the Tartarus of hell, and bottomless pit of Pluto, from whence there was no redemp-

and lettuce, since the dead are made to eat asphodels about the Elysian meadows — why, since there is no sacrifice acceptable, nor any propitiation for the covenant of the grave, men set up the deity of Morta, and fruitlessly adored divinities without ears, it cannot escape some doubt.

The dead seem all alive in the human Hades of Homer, yet cannot well speak, prophesy, or know the living, except they drink blood, wherein is the life of man. And therefore the souls of Penelope's paramours, conducted by Mercury, chirped like bats, and those which followed Hercules, made a noise but like a flock of birds.

The departed spirits know things past and to come yet are ignorant of things present. Agamemnon foretells what should happen unto Ulysses, yet ignorantly inquires what is become of his own son. The ghosts are afraid of swords in Homer yet Sibylla tells Æneas in Virgil, the thin habit of spirits was beyond the force of weapons. The spirits put off their malice with their bodies, and Cæsar and Pompey accord in Latin hell yet

of them both. The particulars of future beings must needs be dark unto ancient theories, which Christian philosophy yet determines but in a cloud of opinions. A dialogue between two infants in the womb concerning the state of this world, might handsomely illustrate our ignorance of the next, whereof methinks we yet discourse in Plutus den, and are but embryo philosophers.

Pythagoras escapes in the fabulous hell of Dante * among that swarm of philosophers, wherein, whilst we meet with Plato and Socrates, Cato is to be found in no lower place than purgatory. Among all the set, Epicurus is most considerable, whom men make honest without an Elysium, who contemned life without encouragement of immortality, and making nothing after

death in the uncomfortable scene of their lives, and in their decrepit martyrdoms did probably lose not many months of their days, or parted with life when it was scarce worth the living. For (beside that long time past holds no consideration unto a slender time to come) they had no small disadvantage from the constitution of old age, which naturally makes men fearful, and complexionally superannuated from the bold and courageous thoughts of youth and fervent years. But the contempt of death from corporal animosity, promoteth not our felicity. They may sit in the orchestra, and noblest seats of heaven, who have held up

of the night in reading the Immortality of Plato, thereby confirming his wavering hand unto the animosity of that attempt.

It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature, or that there is no further state to come, unto which *this seems progressional, and otherwise made in vain* Without this accomplishment, the natural expectation and desire of such a state, were but a fallacy in nature, unsatisfied considerators would quarrel the justice of their constitutions, and rest content that Adam had fallen lower, whereby, by knowing no other original, and deeper ignorance of themselves, they might have *enjoyed the happiness of inferior creatures, who in tranquillity possess their constitutions, as having not the apprehension to deplore their own natures, and, being framed below the circumference of these hopes, or cognition of better being the wisdom of God hath necessitated their contentment* but the superior ingredient and obscured part of ourselves, whereto all present felicities afford no resting contentment, will be able at last to tell us, we are more than our present selves, and evacuate such hopes in the fruition of their own accomplishments.

what prince can promise such duration unto his relics,
or might not gladly say,

*Sic ego componi terris in ossa velim ? **

Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to
make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor
monumenta.

In vain we hope to be known by open and visible
conservatories, when to be unknown was the means of
their continuation, and obscurity their protection. If
they died by violent hands, and were thrust into their
urns, these bones become considerable, and some old
philosophers would honour them, whose souls they
conceiv'd most pure, which were thus snatched from
their bodies, and to retain a stronger propension unto
them, whereas they weariedly left a languishing corpse
and with faint desires of re-union. If they fell by

hairs and no calamity in half sensés. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying, when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politickly cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights,* and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing or never to have been, which was beyond the malcontent of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his nativity, content to have so far been as to have a title to future being although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life and as it were an abortion.

What song the Syrens sang or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions,† are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up were a question above antiquarianism not to be resolved by man nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names, as they have done for their relicks, they

late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vain glory, and madding vices. Pagan vain glories which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition, and, finding no atropes unto the immortality of their names, were never damp't with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vain glories, who acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time, we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias,* and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector †

And therefore, restless inquietude for the durability of our memories unto the present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names, as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily

futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle* must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our *short memories*, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Theramenes is like to live as long as Agamemnon without the favour of the everlasting register. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? The first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty seven names make up the first story and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetick, which scarce stands

no long duration,—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings, we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities, miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls,—a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the same of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last days.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon, men have been deceived even in their flatteries, above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations, Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyma in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find that they are but like the earth, —durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts, whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end, —all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction; —which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, —and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration, and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun

within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus, but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages⁷ secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decreitory term of the world we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves, at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die, shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death when life puts despair on the damned, when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilations shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them, and some have been so vainly bosterous that they durst not acknowledge their graves, wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument.

Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next, who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah *

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vain glory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency †

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world, than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination, and nought of their fore-beings And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven, the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.



A LETTER TO A FRIEND,

UPON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF HIS INTIMATE FRIEND





LETTER TO A FRIEND.

GIVE me leave to wonder that news of this nature should have such heavy wings that you should hear so little concerning your dearest friend, and that I must make that unwilling repetition to tell you, "*ad portam rigidos calces extendit*," that he is dead and buried, and by this time no puny among the mighty nations of the dead, for though he left this world not very many days past, yet every hour you know largely addeth unto that dark society, and considering the incessant mortality of mankind, you cannot conceive there dieth in the whole earth so few as a thousand an hour.

Although at this distance you had no early account or particular of his death, yet your affection may cease to wonder that you had not some secret sense or intimation thereof by dreams, thoughtful whisperings, mercurisms, airy nuncios or sympathetical insinuations, which many seem to have had at the death of their dearest friends for since we find in that famous story, that spirits themselves were fain to tell their fellows at a distance that the great Antonio was dead, we have a sufficient excuse for our ignorance in such particulars,

and must rest content with the common rovd, and Ap-
 pian way of knowledge by information. Though the
 uncertainty of the end of this world hath confounded
 all human predictions, yet they who shall live to see
 the sun and moon darkened, and the stars to fall from
 heaven, will hardly be deceived in the advent of the
 last day, and therefore strange it is, that the common
 fallacy of consumptive persons who feel not themselves
 dying, and therefore still hope to live, should also reach
 their friends in perfect health and judgment —that you
 should be so little acquainted with Plautus's sick com-
 plexion, or that almost an Hippocratical face should
 not alarm you to higher fears, or rather despair, of
 his continuation in such an emaciated state, wherein
 medical predictions fail not, as sometimes in acute dis-
 eases, and wherein 'tis as dangerous to be sentenced by
 a physician as a judge.

Upon my first visit I was bold to tell them who had
 not let fall all hopes of his recovery, that in my sad
 opinion he was not like to behold a grasshopper,¹ much
 less to pluck another fig, and in no long time after
 seemed to discover that odd mortal symptom in him
 not mentioned by Hippocrates, that is to lose his own
 face, and look like some of his near relations for he
 maintained not his proper countenance, but looked like
 his uncle, the lines of whose face lay deep and invisible
 in his healthful visage before for as from our begin-
 ning we run through variety of looks, before we come
 to consistent and settled faces, so before our end, by
 sick and languishing alterations, we put on new visages
 and in our retreat to earth, may fall upon such looks
 which from community of seminal originals were before
 latent in us.

He was fruitlessly put in hope of advantage by change

of air, and imbibing the pure aerial nitre of these parts ; and therefore, being so far spent, he quickly found Sardinia in Tivoli,* and the most healthful air of little effect, where death had set her broad arrow, † for he lived not unto the middle of May, and confirmed the observation of Hippocrates of that mortal time of the year when the leaves of the fig tree resemble a daw's claw. He is happily seated who lives in places whose air, earth, and water, promote not the infirmities of his weaker parts, or is early removed into regions that correct them. He that is tabidly² inclined, were unwise to pass his days in Portugal cholical persons will find little comfort in Austria or Vienna. he that is weak-legged must not be in love with Rome, nor an infirm head with Venice or Paris. Death hath not only particular stars in heaven, but malevolent places on earth, which single out our infirmities, and strike at our weaker parts, in which concern, passenger and migrant birds have the great advantages, who are naturally constituted for distant habitations, whom no seas nor places limit, but in their appointed seasons will visit us from Greenland and Mount Atlas, and, as some think,

the eyelids With what strife and pains we came into the world we know not but tis commonly no easy matter to get out of it yet if it could be made out, that such who have easy nativities have commonly hard deaths, and contrarily his departure was so easy that we might justly suspect his birth was of another nature, and that some Juno sat cross-legged at his nativity

Besides his soft death the incurable state of his disease might somewhat extenuate your sorrow, who know that monsters but seldom happen, miracles more rarely in physick.* *Angelus Victorius* gives a serious account of a consumptive hectic, phthisical woman who was suddenly cured by the intercession of Ignatius. We read not of any in Scripture who in this case applied unto our Saviour though some may be contained in that large expression that he went about Galilee healing all manner of sickness and all manner of diseases.† Amulets spells, sigils and incantations, practised in other diseases, are seldom pretended in this and we find no sigil in the Archidoxia of Paracelsus to cure an extreme consumption or marasmus, which, if other diseases fail will put a period unto long livers and at last makes dust of all. And therefore the Stoics could not but think that the fiery principle would wear out all the rest, and at last make an end of the world which notwithstanding without such a lingering period the Creator may effect at his pleasure and to make an end of all things on earth and our planetical system of the world, he need but put out the sun.

I was not so curious to entitle the stars unto any concern of his death, yet could not but take notice that

* *Monstra contingunt in medicina.* Hippoc.— Strange and rare escapes there happen sometimes in physick."

† Matt. iv. 23.

That Charles the Fifth^s was crowned upon the day of his nativity, it being in his own power so to order it, makes no singular animadversion but that he should also take King Francis^s prisoner upon that day, was an unexpected coincidence, which made the same remarkable Antipater, who had an anniversary feast every year upon his birth-day, needed no astrological revolution to know what day he should die on. When the fixed stars have made a revolution unto the points from whence they first set out, some of the ancients thought the world would have an end, which was a kind of dying upon the day of its nativity. Now the disease prevailing and swiftly advancing about the time of his nativity, some were of opinion that he would leave the world on the day he entered into it, but this being a lingering disease, and creeping softly on, nothing critical was found or expected, and he died not before fifteen days after. Nothing is more common with infants than to die on the day of their nativity, to behold the worldly hours, and but the fractions thereof, and even to perish before their nativity in the hidden world of the womb, and before their good angel is conceived to undertake them. But in persons who outlive many years, and when there are no less than three hundred and sixty five days to determine their lives in every year, that the first day should make the last, that the tail of the snake should return into its mouth precisely at that time, and they should wind up upon the day of their nativity, is indeed a remarkable coincidence, which, though astrology hath taken witty pains to salve, yet hath it been very wary in making predictions of it.*

In this consumptive condition and remarkable exten

* According to the Egyptian hieroglyph c.

nation, he came to be almost half himself, and left a great part behind him, which he carried not to the grave. And though that story of Duke John Ernestus Mansfield* be not so easily swallowed, that at his death his heart was found not to be so big as a nut, yet if the bones of a good skeleton weigh little more than twenty pounds, his inwards and flesh remaining could make no bouffage,⁸ but a light bur for the grave. I never more lively beheld the starved characters of Dante † in any living face, an *crusper* might have read a lecture upon him without exenteration, his flesh being so consumed, that he might, in a manner, have discerned his bowels without opening of him, so that to be carried, *sexta cervicē*‡ to the grave, was but a civil unnecessary, and the complements of the coffin might outweigh the subject of it.

Omnibonus Ferrarius in mortal dysenteries of children looks for a spot behind the ear, in consumptive diseases some eye the complexion of moles, Cardan eagerly views the nails, some the lines of the hand, the thenar or muscle of the thumb, some are so curious as to observe the depth of the throat-pit, how the proportion varyeth of the small of the legs unto the calf, or the compass of the neck unto the circumference of the head, but all these, with many more, were so

draughts death makes upon pined faces, and unto what an unknown degree a man may live backward.

Though the beard be only made a distinction of sex, and sign of masculine heat by *Ulmus*,* yet the precocity and early growth thereof in him, was not to be liked in reference unto long life. Lewis, that virtuous but unfortunate king of Hungary, who lost his life at the battle of Mohacz,[†] was said to be born without a skin, to have bearded at fifteen, and to have shown some grey hairs about twenty, from whence the diviners conjectured that he would be spoiled of his kingdom, and have but a short life, but hairs make fallible predictions, and many temples early grey have outlived the psalmist's period.† Hairs which have most amused me have not been in the face or head, but on the back, and not in men but children, as I long ago observed in that endemial distemper of children in Languedoc, called the *mor gellons*,‡ wherein they critically break out with harsh hairs on their backs, which takes off the unquiet symptoms of the disease, and delivers them from coughs and convulsions.

The Egyptian mummies that I have seen have had their mouths open and somewhat gaping which affordeth a good opportunity to view and observe their teeth wherein 'tis not easy to find any wanting or decayed and therefore in Egypt, where one man practised but one operation, or the diseases but of single parts, it must needs be a barren profession to confine unto that of drawing of teeth, and to have been little better than tooth

* *Ulmus de uni barba humana.*

† The life of man is threescore and ten.

‡ See *Picetus de Rheumatismo*

Ireland, more common and mortal in England, and though the ancients gave that disease * very good words, yet now that bell† makes no strange sound which rings out for the effects thereof.

Some think there were few consumptions in the old world when men lived much upon milk, and that the ancient inhabitants of this island were less troubled with coughs when they went naked and slept in caves and woods, than men now in chambers and feather beds. Plato will tell us, that there was no such disease as a catarrh in Homer's time and that it was but new in Greece in his age. Polydore Virgil delivereth that pleurisies were rare in England, who lived but in the days of Henry the Eighth. Some will allow no diseases to be new, others think that many old ones are ceased and that such which are esteemed new, will have but their time. however the mercy of God hath scattered the great heap of diseases, and not loaded any one country with all. some may be new in one country which have been old in another. New discoveries of the earth discover new diseases. for besides the common swarm, there are endemial and local infirmities proper unto certain regions, which in the whole earth make no small number. and if Asia, Africa, and America, should bring in their list, Pandora's box would swell, and there must be a strange pathology.

Most men expected to find a consumed kelly, empty and bladder like guts, livid and marbled lungs and a withered pericardium in this execrable corpse. but some seemed too much to wonder that two lobes of his lungs adhered unto his side. for the like I have often found

* Ασφαλιστατος και ρηστος securissima et facillima
H pproe

† Pro febre quartana raro sonat campana.

in bodies of no suspected consumptions or difficulty of respiration. And the same more often happeneth in men than other animals and some think in women than in men but the most remarkable I have met with, was in a man, after a cough of almost fifty years, in whom all the lobes adhered unto the pleura, and each lobe unto another, who having also been much troubled with the gout, brake the rule of Cardan,* and died of the stone in the bladder Aristotle makes a query, why some animals cough, as man, some not, as oxen. If coughing be taken as it consisteth of a natural and voluntary motion, including expectoration and spitting out, it may be as proper unto man as bleeding at the nose, otherwise we find that Vegetius and rural writers have not left so many medicines in vain against the coughs of cattle, and men who perish by coughs die the death of sheep, cats, and lions and though birds have no midriff, yet we meet with divers remedies in Arrianus against the coughs of hawks. And though it might be thought that all animals who have lungs do cough, yet in catarrhus fishes, who have large and strong lungs, the same is not observed, nor yet in oviparous quadrupeds and in the greatest thereof, the crocodile, although we read much of their tears, we find nothing of that motion.

From the thoughts of sleep, when the soul was conceived nearest unto divinity, the ancients erected an art of divination, wherein while they too widely expatiated in loose and in consequent conjectures, Hippocrates† wisely considered dreams as they presaged

* Cardan in his *Encomium Podagræ* reckoneth this among the *Dona Podagræ*, that they are delivered thereby from the phthisis and stone in the bladder

† Hippoc *de Insomniis*

alterations in the body, and so afforded hints toward the preservation of health, and prevention of diseases, and therein was so serious as to advise alteration of diet, exercise, sweating, bathing, and vomiting, and also so religious as to order prayers and supplications unto respective deities, in good dreams unto Sol, Jupiter coelestis, Jupiter opulentus, Minerva, Mercurius, and Apollo, in bad, unto Tellus and the heroes.

And therefore I could not but notice how his female friends were irrationally curious so strictly to examine his dreams, and in this low state to hope for the phantasms of health. He was now past the healthful dreams of the sun, moon, and stars, in their clarity and proper courses. 'Twas too late to dream of flying, of lumped fountains, smooth waters, white vestments, and fruitful green trees, which are the visions of healthful sleeps, and at good distance from the grave.

And they were also too deeply dejected that he should dream of his dead friends, inconsequently divining, that he would not be long from them, for strange it was not that he should sometimes dream of the dead, whose thoughts run always upon death, beside, to dream of the dead, so they appear not in dark habits, and take nothing away from us, in Hippocrates' sense was of good signification for we live by the dead, and everything is or must be so before it becomes our nourishment. And Cardan, who dreamed that he discoursed with his dead father in the moon, made thereof no mortal interpretation, and even to dream that we are dead, was no condemnable phantasm in old oniro-criticism, as having a signification of liberty, vacancy from cares, exemption and freedom from troubles unknown unto the dead.

Some dreams I confess may admit of easy and feminine exposition, he who dreamed that he could not see his right shoulder, might easily fear to lose the sight of his right eye, he that before a journey dreamed that his feet were cut off, had a plain warning not to undertake his intended journey. But why to dream of lettuce should presage some ensuing disease, why to eat figs should signify foolish talk, why to eat eggs great trouble, and to dream of blindness should be so highly commended, according to the oneirocritical verses of As trampechus and Nicephorus, I shall leave unto your divination.

He was willing to quit the world alone and altogether, leaving no earnest behind him for corruption or after grave, having small content in that common satisfaction to survive or live in another, but simply satisfied that his disease should die with himself nor revive in a posterity to puzzle physic, and make sad mementoes of their parent hereditary. Leprosy awakes not sometimes before forty, the gout and stone often later, but consumptive and tabid* roots sprout more early, and at the fairest make seventeen years of our life doubtful before that age. They that enter the world with original diseases as well as sin, have not only common mortality but such translations to destroy them, make commonly short courses, and live not at length but in figures, so that a sound Casarean nativity† may outlast a natural birth, and a knife may sometimes make way for a more lasting fruit than a midwife, which makes so few infants now able to endure the old test of the river,‡ and many

* *Tales maxime contingunt ab anno decimo octavo ad trigimum quintum. — Hippoc*

† A sound child cut out of the body of the mother

‡ *Natos ad flumina primum deferimus ex quoque gela duramus et unda.*

to have feeble children who could scarce have been married at Sparta, and those provident states who studied strong and healthful generations, which happen but contingently in mere pecuniary matches or marriages made by the candle, wherein notwithstanding there is little redress to be hoped from an astrologer or a lawyer, and a good discerning physician were like to prove the most successful counsellor

Julius Scaliger, who in a sleepless fit of the gout could make two hundred verses in a night, would have but five* plain words upon his tomb. And this serious person, though no minor wit, left the poetry of his epitaph unto others, either unwilling to commend himself, or to be judged by a distich, and perhaps considering how unhappy great poets have been in versifying their own epitaphs, wherein Petrarch, Dante, and Ariosto, have so unhappily failed that if their tombs should outlast their works, posterity would find so little of Apollo on them as to mistake them for Ciceronian poets

In this deliberate and creeping progress unto the grave, he was somewhat too young and of too noble a mind, to fall upon that stupid symptom observable in divers persons near their journey's end and which may be reckoned among the mortal symptoms of their last disease, that is, to become more narrow minded miserable, and tenacious, unready to part with anything when they are ready to part with all and afraid to want when they have no time to spend, meanwhile physicians, who know that many are mad but in a single depraved imagination, and one prevalent decipency, and that beside and out of such single deliriums a man may meet with sober actions and good sense in bedlam,

* *Julii Caesaris Scalgeri quod fuit Josephi Scalgeri in vila patris.*

cannot but smile to see the heirs and concerned relations gratulating themselves on the sober departure of their friends, and though they behold such mad covetous passages content to think they die in good understanding and in their sober senses.

Avarice, which is not only infidelity, but idolatry either from covetous progeny or questuaryⁿ education had no root in his breast, who made good works the expression of his faith, and was big with desires unto public and lasting charities, and surely where good wishes and charitable intentions exceed abilities, theoretical beneficency may be more than a dream. They build not castles in the air who would build churches on earth and though they leave no such structures here may lay good foundations in heaven. In brief, his life and death were such, that I could not blame them who wished the like, and almost to have been himself almost I say, for though we may wish the prosperous appurtenances of others, or to be another in his happy accidents yet so intrinsical is every man unto himself that some doubt may be made, whether any would exchange his being, or substantially become another man.

He had wisely seen the world at home and abroad and thereby observed under what variety men are deluded in the pursuit of that which is not here to be found. And although he had no opinion of reputed felicities below, and apprehended men widely out in the estimate of such happiness, yet his sober contempt of the world wrought no Democratism or Cynicism, no laughing or snarling at it, as well understanding there are not felicities in this world to satisfy a serious mind and therefore, to soften the stream of our lives, we are fain to take in the reputed contentations of this world, to

trine to take away the fear thereof, that is, in such extremities, to desire that which is not to be avoided, and wish what might be feared, and so made evils voluntary, and to suit with their own desires, which took off the terror of them.

But the ancient martyrs were not encouraged by such fallacies, who, though they feared not death, were afraid to be their own executioners, and therefore thought it more wisdom to crucify their lusts than their bodies, to circumcise than stab their hearts, and to mortify than kill themselves.

His willingness to leave this world about that age, when most men think they may best enjoy it, though paradoxical unto worldly ears, was not strange unto mine, who have so often observed, that many, though old, oft stick fast unto the world, and seem to be drawn like Cacus's oxen¹², backward, with great struggling and reluctancy unto the grave. The long habit of living, makes mere men more hardly to part with life, and all to be nothing but what is to come. To live at the rate of the old world, when some could scarce remember themselves young, may afford no better digested death than a more moderate period. Many would have thought it an happiness to have had their lot of life in some notable conjunctures of ages past, but the uncertainty of future times have tempted few to make a part in ages to come. And surely, he that hath taken the true altitude of things, and rightly calculated the degenerate state of this age, is not like to envy those that shall live in the next, much less three or four hundred years hence, when no man can comfortably imagine what face this world will carry and therefore since every age makes a step unto the end of all things, and the Scripture affords so hard a character of the last

Tread softly and circumspectly in this funambulous¹³ track and narrow path of goodness, pursue virtue virtuously, be sober and temperate, not to preserve your body in a sufficiency for wanton ends, not to spare your purse, not to be free from the infamy of common transgressors that way, and thereby to balance or palliate obscure and closer vices, nor simply to enjoy health, by all of which you may leaven good actions, and render virtues disputable, but, in one word, that you may truly serve God, which every sickness will tell you you cannot well do without health. The sick man's sacrifice is but a lame oblation. Pious treasures, laid up in healthful days, excuse the defect of sick non performances, without which we must needs look back with anxiety upon the last opportunities of health, and may have cause rather to envy than pity the ends of penitent malefactors, who go with clear parts unto the last act of their lives, and in the integrity of their faculties return their spirit unto God that gave it.

Consider whereabouts thou art in Cebe's¹⁴ table, or that old philosophical pinax¹⁵ of the life of man whether thou art still in the road of uncertainties, whether thou hast yet entered the narrow gate, got up the hill and asperous way which leadeth unto the house of sanity or taken that purifying potion from the hand of sincere erudition, which may send thee clear and pure away unto a virtuous and happy life.

In this virtuous voyage let no disappointment cause despondency, nor difficulty despair. Think not that you are sailing from Lima to Manilla,* ¹⁶ wherein thou mayest tie up the rudder, and sleep before the wind, but expect rough seas, flaws and contrary blasts.

* Through the Pacifick Sea with a constant gale from the east.

their own death sweet unto others, bitter unto themselves, brings formal sadness, scenical mourning, and no wet eyes at the grave

If avarice be thy vice, yet make it not thy punishment. Miserable men commiserate not themselves, bowellers unto themselves, and merciless unto their own bowels. Let the fruition of things bless the possession of them, and take no satisfaction in dying but living rich. For since thy good works, not thy goods will follow thee, since riches are an appurtenance of life, and no dead man is rich, to furnish in plenty, and live poorly to die rich, were a multiplying improvement in madness and use upon use in folly

Persons lightly dipt, not grained, in generous honesty are but pale in goodness and faint hued in sincerity. But be thou what thou virtuously art, and let not the ocean wash away thy tincture. Stand majestically upon that axis where prudent simplicity hath fixed thee and at no temptation invert the poles of thy honesty that vice may be uneasy and even monstrous unto thee, let iterated good acts and long confirmed habits make virtue natural or a second nature in thee and since few or none prove eminently virtuous but from some advantageous foundations in their temper and natural inclinations, study thyself betimes, and early find what nature bids thee to be or tells thee what thou mayest be. They who thus timely descend into themselves cultivating the good seeds which nature hath set in them, and improving their prevalent inclinations to perfection, become not shrubs but cedars in their generation. And to be in the form of the best of bad or the worst of the good, will be no satisfaction unto them.

Let not the law of thy country be the non ultra of thy honesty, nor think that always good enough that

the law will make good. Narrow not the law of charity, equity, mercy. Join gospel righteousness with legal right. Be not a mere Gamahel in the faith, but let the Sermon on the Mount be thy Targum unto the law of Sinai.

Make not the consequences of virtue the ends thereof. Be not beneficent for a name or cymbal of applause, nor exact and punctual in commerce for the advantages of trust and credit, which attend the reputation of just and true dealing. For such rewards, though unsought for, plain virtue will bring with her, whom all men honour, though they pursue not. To have other by ends in good actions sours laudable performances which must have deeper roots, motives, and instigations, to give them the stamp of virtues.

Though human infirmity may betray thy heedless days into the popular ways of extravagancy, yet, let not thine own depravity or the torrent of vicious times carry thee into desperate enormities in opinions, manners, or actions. If thou hast dipped thy foot in the river, yet venture not over Rubicon, run not into extremities from whence there is no regression, nor be ever so closely shut up within the holds of vice and iniquity, as not to find some escape by a postern of recipescency.¹⁷

Owe not thy humility unto humiliation by adversity, but look humbly down in that state when others look upward upon thee. Be patient in the age of pride, and days of will, and impatency, when men live but by intervals of reason, under the sovereignty of humour and passion, when it is in the power of every one to transform thee out of thyself, and put thee into short madness.* If you cannot imitate Job, yet come not short of Socrates,¹⁸ and those patient Pagans, who tired the

* *Ire furor brevis est.*

tongues of their enemies, while they perceived they spit their malice at brazen walls and statues.

Let age not envy, draw wrinkles on thy cheeks, be content to be envied, but envy not. Emulation may be plausible, and indignation allowable, but admit no treaty with that passion which no circumstance can make good. A displacency at the good of others, because they enjoy it although we do not want it, is an absurd depravity sticking fast unto nature from its primitive corruption, which he that can well subdue were a Christian of the first magnitude, and for ought I know may have one foot already in heaven.

While thou so hotly disclaimest the devil, be not guilty of Diabolism. Fall not into one name with that unclean spirit, nor act his nature whom thou so much abhorrest that is, to accuse calumniate backbite whisper detract or sinistrously interpret others. Degen-erous depravities and narrow minded vices! not only below St Paul's noble Christian but Aristotle's true gentleman.* Trust not with some that the Epistle of St James is apocryphal, and so read with less fear that stabbing truth that in company with this vice thy religion is in vain.† Moses broke the tables without breaking the law but where charity is broke the law itself is shattered, which cannot be whole without love that is the fulfilling of it. Look humbly upon thy virtues and though thou art rich in some yet think thyself poor and naked without that crowning grace which thinketh no evil which envieth not which beareth believeth, hopeth endureth all things. With these sure graces while busy tongues are crying out for a drop of cold water mutes may be in happiness and sing the 'Trisagium, † in heaven

* See Aristotle's Ethics chapter Magnanimity

† Holy holy holy

Let not the sun in Capricorn* go down upon thy wrath, but write thy wrongs in water, draw the curtain of night upon injuries, shut them up in the tower of oblivion,† and let them be as though they had not been. Forgive thine enemies totally, without any reserve of hope that however God will revenge thee

Be substantially great in thyself, and more than thou appearest unto others, and let the world be deceived in thee, as they are in the lights of heaven. Hang early plummets upon the heels of pride, and let ambition have but an epicycle‡ or narrow circuit in thee. Measure not thyself by thy morning shadow, but by the extent of thy grave, and reckon thyself above the earth, by the line thou must be contented with under it. Spread not into boundless expansions either to designs or desires. Think not that mankind liveth but for a few, and that the rest are born but to serve the ambition of those who make but flies of men, and wildernesses of whole nations. Swell not into vehement actions, which embroil and confound the earth, but be one of those violent ones that force the kingdom of heaven.‡ If thou must needs rule, be Zeno's king, and enjoy that empire which every man gives himself certainly the iterated injunctions of Christ unto humility, meekness, patience, and that despised train of virtues, cannot but make pathological impression upon those who have well considered the affairs of all ages, wherein pride, ambition, and vainglory, have led

* Even when the days are shortest.

† Alluding to the tower of oblivion mentioned by Propertius, which was the name of a tower of imprisonment among the Persians, whoever was put therein was as it were buried alive, and it was death for any but to name him.

‡ St Matt. xi.

up to the worst of actions, whereunto confusions tragedies, and acts, denying all religion do owe their originals.

Rest not in an ovation,* but a triumph over thy passions. Chain up the unruly legion of thy breast bel old thy trophies within thee not without thee Lead thine own captivity captive and be Caesar unto thyself.

Give no quarter unto those vices that are of thine inward family and having a root in thy temper plead a right and propriety in thee Examine well thy complexional inclinations Rain early batteries against those strongholds built upon the rock of nature and make this a great part of the militia of thy life. The political nature of vice must be opposed by policy and therefore wiser honesties project and plot against sin wherein notwithstanding we are not to rest in generals, or the trite stratagems of art that may succeed with one temper which may prove successless with another There is no community or commonwealth of virtue every man must study his own economy and erect these rules unto the figure of himself.

Lastly if length of days be thy portion make it not thy expectation. Reckon not upon long life but live always beyond thy account. He that so often surviveth his expectation lives many lives, and will scarce complain of the shortness of his days Time past is gone like a shadow make times to come present conceive that near which may be far off Approximate thy latter times by present apprehensions of them be like a neighbour unto death and think there is but little to come. And since there is something in us that must still live on join both lives together unite them

* Ovation a petty and minor kind of triumph.

in thy thoughts and actions, and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the purposes of this life, will never be far from the next, and is in some manner already in it, by a happy conformity and close apprehension of it.



NOTES TO THE RELIGIO MEDICI.

192 *NOTES TO THE RELIGIO MEDICI*

- 1 John de Monte Remo made a wooden eagle that, when the emperor was entering Nuremberg flew to meet him, and hovered over his head. He also made an iron fly that, when at dinner he was able to make start from under his hand, and fly round the table.
—See De Barten *des jour lms semaine*.
13. Hidden from the Greek *ἐκρυπτο*
 19. A military term for a small mine.
 20. The Armada.
 21. The practice of drawing lots.
 1. An account.
 23. See II. VIII. 13.

- 38 Pagans, Mahometans Jews Christians
- 39 Valour and death in battle
- 40 Held 1414-1418
- 41 Vergil as bishop of Salzburg having asserted the existence of Antipodes, the Archbishop of Metz declared him to be a heretic and caused him to be burnt.
42. On searching on Mount Calvary for the true cross the empress found three. As she was uncertain which was the right one she caused them to be applied to the body of a dead man and the one that restored him to life was determined to be the true cross.
- 43 The critical time in human life.
- 44 Oracles were said to have ceased when Christ came the reply to Augustus on the subject being the last—

- 4 This substance known to French chemists by the name *ad po-cure*⁶ was first discovered by Sir Thomas Browne.
 5. From its thickness.
 - 6 *Puripides*.
 - 7 Greek, Latin Hebrew Egyptian Arabic defaced by the Emperor
Mehmet.
-

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